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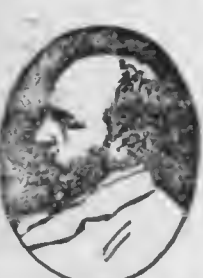
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MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The 'Burg.

Frank Collier was in Lexington yesterday on business.

Mr. Gilbert Grinstead returned to Richmond Tuesday.

Miss Lottie Jefferson will entertain a number of her young friends to-night.

Miss Francis Spoonamore, guest of Misses Grinstead, returned to Stanford, Tuesday.

MARRIED.—On Wednesday, Mr. Vince Case and Miss Pearl Linville at the residence of the latter's father.

Mrs. Maude Duchemin, of Cincinnati, was the guest of T. D. Judy and family, Wednesday and Thursday.

MARRIED.—On Wednesday, at the home of the bride's father, near Osgood, John Snapp and Miss Laura Lemmon.

Joe K and G. W. Judy qualified as administrators of D. B. Judy, deceased. Appraisers—Henry Letton, Royce Allen and James Carpenter. Mr. Judy left no will.

DIED.—On Wednesday morning after a long illness of two years, Mrs. Olin Pope, nee Lummie Mock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mock. The funeral services were conducted at the residence yesterday by Rev. W. S. Grinstead. The remains were interred in the Millersburg cemetery. The following acted as pallbearers: Tom, Wm. and Ed. Wadell, and Layson Tarr. The husband of the deceased arrived Monday from Arkadelphia, and with the sorrowing family, has the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

CARLISLE.

News Gleaned From Nicholas County Precincts.

From the Mercury.

Mrs. S. A. Rice sold to Wm. Gore, 68 acres of the Burnaw farm for \$80 per acre.

The county authorities delivered the county bonds and received the money last Saturday.

The D-posit Bank is making arrangements to erect a new building on the lot recently purchased by it.

MARRIED.—At the residence of Wm. Owens, on the 18th inst., Mr. John B. Alexander and Miss Emma B. Owens.

H. N. Rankin shipped to Lancaster, Pa., Wednesday a car load of mule colts which he purchased in Nicholas and Fleming counties.

T. C. Collier as agent for the heirs—sold to Mrs. Sarah M. McCray the residence of the late I. H. Piper at \$3,250.00—and the garden and stable lot across the alley to Mrs. Pickett Scott at \$400 cash.

RUDDLES MILLS.

Personals And Other Notes Gathered For The News' Readers.

Mrs. J. M. Craycraft is ill.

Mr. J. O. Martin remains quite ill.

Several persons of this vicinity have gripe.

Several tobacco buyers visited here this week.

Miss Mamie Padgett has recovered from the gripe.

Thieves stole a hog from Joseph Smith last Saturday night.

Most farmers of this place will finish stripping tobacco this week.

Rev. Wm. Grinstead, of Millersburg, preached here Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Clark Burden, of Cynthiana, was the guest of friends here last week.

Grauville Denton sold his crop of tobacco to a Cynthiana buyer this week.

J. H. Haggard lost one of his cattle Tuesday night from the effects of de-horning.

Wm. Craycraft and wife, of Millersburg, visited J. S. Cracraft and family, Sunday.

Several couples of young people from here attended church Sunday night at Mt. Carmel.

Rev. Ralph Gabby, of Lexington, has been re-elected pastor of the Christian church for this year.

Mr. Mart Rankin was seriously hurt by the falling of his porch roof, which gave way during the wind storm Friday morning. Mr. Rankin is slowly improving.

Mrs. Margaret Lowry, a former resident of this place, died at her home in Paris, Saturday morning, and the remains were brought here and interred in the old graveyard Monday at noon. Services were rendered at the grave by Rev. Dr. E. H. Rutherford, of Paris.

Barber Shop Moved.

BUCK AND BILL have moved their barber shop across the street, and now have the handsomest barber shop and bath rooms ever in Paris. All work done with neatness and dispatch. With thanks for past favors, Buck and Bill solicit a liberal share of the public patronage. (tf)

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FANCY California evaporated fruits. (tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

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As I intend to make a change in my business I offer for sale privately as a whole, my Retail Grocers' Furnishing Goods Department, Merchant Tailoring and Laundry Agency. I have built up a first-class trade and am in a good location for this line of trade. This is a good opportunity to start in business. PARIS FURNISHING AND TAILORING CO. H. S. STOUT, Manager.

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BECAUSE A BIRD SANG.

Because a bird sang ere the raindrops were dry.
 Or sunbeams had driven the clouds from the sky.
 A dark life was brightened, a faint heart made strong;
 For trustful and glad were the tones of that song.
 He sang till he quickened a hope that was dead.
 By singing that song on the roof of the shed.
 The hope had been buried so long that I deemed
 'Twas only some beautiful thing I had dreamed.
 It quickened, and started, and wakened
 Once more, and filled with the visions that charmed me
 Of yore!
 So gladness the tune and the words that he said
 (That bird in his song on the roof of the shed).
 He sang and he warbled: "Oh, longing heart, wait!
 Though dim is the future, yet kindly is fate.
 Believe it and trust it, O mortal, to be
 Replete with the dearest of treasures for thee."
 So hope has arisen and doubting is fled,
 Because of that song from the roof of the shed.
 —Hilda Muirhead, in Ladies' Home Journal.



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SYNOPSIS.

D'Aurac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is in temporary command, appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge against D'Aurac. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in a man and woman, from king's camp at La Fere, prisoners. D'Aurac, angered by insulting manner of De Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted by appearance of De Rone, and D'Aurac is told he will fight if he found alive at close of morning's battle. Riding over field next day D'Aurac finds Nicholas, victim of De Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs De Rone's forces, D'Aurac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness, robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar on De Rone's corpse, and Babette steals Maugnot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from De Gomeron and D'Aurac, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues D'Aurac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her. Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry D'Aurac. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says De Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to De Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Turning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at De Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biran, one of the traitors, whom D'Aurac cuts down and kills. De Gomeron, who makes his work of Biran's death, escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevalier lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordinance. Calling on De Belin, a friend, D'Aurac secures from him a servant, Ravallac, who had previously been in service of D'Aurac. D'Aurac's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fortnight, De Belin to stand sponsor. Palin and madame arrive in Paris. D'Aurac has suspicions aroused concerning Ravallac; later witnesses meeting with De Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevalier is introduced at court by De Belin, where he charges Biran with being traitor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that flight occur that night, if madame be saved. D'Aurac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men swoop down on pair and carry them off, bound and gagged. De Gomeron places him in what Babette, who is here, assures him is the safest room in the Toison d'Or. De Gomeron and Babette offer D'Aurac his freedom on condition that he will sign paper holding De Gomeron guiltless of any design against either himself or the madame. D'Aurac asks to be left alone for 24 hours in which to decide. Babette comes for his answer. By artifice he compels her to open his dungeon door.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

The door swung outward, so that all I had to do was to fold my prisoner's arm from the elbow along its face as I pushed it open. It kept her perfectly secure and enabled me to take a precaution that, it turned out, was needed; for, as I pushed the door, I drove the death rattle back with it, and the moment it was sufficiently open to let me pass I sprang out and seized her left arm. Quick as I was, however, I was not quite quick enough to avoid the blow of her dagger, and received a flesh wound, which, however, was, after all, but slight. Then there was another struggle, and affairs were adjusted between Babette and myself without any special harm being done to her.

"Now listen to me," I said. "Whatever happens, I will kill you first if there is any treachery. Take me straight to madame."

"She is not here," was the sullen reply.
 "Then I take you with me to the Hotel de Ville. Come to your senses." She broke into the most terrible imprecations; but time was precious, and I quenched this readily enough, and at last it was clear she was utterly cowed. Again I repeat that no harm was done, and it was only dire necessity that compelled me to use the violence I did.

"Come"—and I shook her up—"where is madame?"
 She looked from right to left with a quick, uneasy motion of her eyes. "I do not know—she is not here."
 "Look here!" and I gave my prisoner a shake. "I fully believe that madame is here, and if you wish to save yourself from the rack—it hurts more than what I have done to you—you will see that no harm comes to her. You follow."

She was speechless; but her eyes were blazing with wrath as she made a sudden movement of her head.

"You had better tell M. de Gomeron, your master, that I refuse his terms. It

will save him the trouble of knowing that I have escaped—you understand."

This time she nodded eagerly enough. "Now," I went on, "we will open the last door."

I took the bunch of keys, and after a try or two succeeded in hitting on the right one. After this I pushed Babette before me into the small flagged yard, and saw to my surprise that it was night, and that the moon was out. Then I gave the fact no further thought beyond an inward "Thank God!" for the uncertain moonlight that would cover my escape. As I pushed my captive along the shadow of the wall until we came to the entrance gate, I looked around and above me carefully, but there was nothing to indicate where madame was. A hundred times was I tempted to turn back and risk all in searching the house for her, and it was only because I was convinced that the sole chance of saving her was to be free first myself that I did not give in to my desire. On reaching the gate I discovered that there was a wicket in it large enough to squeeze a man's body through, and that this was closed but by a heavy pair of iron cross-bars, a secure enough defense from the outside. Holding Babette at arms' length from me, I put down the bar and opened the wicket. Then, still keeping my hold on her, I freed her hands, and, bending slightly forwards and looking her straight in the face, said: "Remember! And adieu, Mme. de—Maugnot."

At these words, which brought back to her memory her crime on the battle field of La Fere, she shrank back, her eyes seemed to sink into their sockets, and as I loosed my hold of her shoulder she fell in a huddled heap on the flags of the yard.

CHAPTER XVI.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

As I slipped through the wicket I cast a hurried glance around me, and then, acting on the impulse of the moment, ran forwards along the road for about 50 paces with Babette's dagger clenched in my hand. There I was brought to a stand by a dead wall, studded with iron spikes at the top, which rose sheer above me for fully 20 feet and barred all further progress. It was evident that the Toison d'Or stood in a blind alley, and that I had taken the wrong turning. Not even an ape could have scaled the moss-grown and slippery surface of those stones, and, leaning against a buttress in the darkest corner of the wall, I stood for a moment or so and waited, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible should I be pursued. There was no sound, however; all was still as the grave. So I stole forth from the shadow of the buttress, and, keeping the dagger ready to strike, retraced my steps past the Toison d'Or and along the winding and crooked passage, keeping as far away from the walls as possible to avoid any sudden attack, until at last I found myself in a cross street, down which I went, taking note of such landmarks as I could to guide me back, when I should return with vengeance in my right hand. The cross street led into other winding and twisting lanes, whose squalid inhabitants were either sitting up and down or quarreling amongst themselves, or else sitting in a sullen silence.

How long I wandered in that maze of streets I cannot say, but at last I came upon an open space, and finding it more or less empty stopped to take my bearings. My only chance to get back to my lodging that night—and it was all important to do so—was to strike the Seine at some point or other; but in what direction the river lay I could not, for the life of me, tell. At last I determined to steer by the moon, and holding her track to the southwest of me went on, keeping as a landmark on my left the tall spire of a church, whose name I then did not know. So I must have plodded on for about an hour, until at last I was sensible that the street which I was in was wider than the others I had passed through, and, finally, I saw before me a couple of lanterns, evidently slung on a rope that stretched across a street much broader still than the one I was in. That, and the sight of the lanterns, convinced me that I had gained one of the main arteries of the city, and it was with an inward "Thank God!" that I stepped under the light and looked about me, uncertain which direction I should take; for if I kept the moon behind me, as I had done hitherto, I should have to cross over and leave the street, and I felt sure that this would be a serious error, and that would only lead me into further difficulties. It was as yet no more than a half hour or so beyond midnight, so the street was full; and unwilling to attract the attention of the watch, which had a habit of confining its beat to places where it was least required, I began to stroll slowly down, determined to inquire the way of the first passer-by who looked in a mood amiable enough to exchange a word with so bedraggled a wretch as I was then.

I had not long to wait, for in a short time I noticed one who was evidently a well-to-do citizen hurrying along with a persuading staff in his right hand, and the muffled figure of a lady clinging on to his left arm. I could make out nothing of her; but the man himself was short and stout of figure, and I ran to the conclusion that he must be a cheery soul, for, as far as I could see by the light of the street lamps, he looked like one who enjoyed a good meal and a can to follow, and, approaching, I addressed him:

"Pardon, monsieur, but I have lost my way."
 I had hardly spoken so much, when, loosening his arm from the lady, the little man jumped back a yard and began flourishing his stick.
 "Stand back!" called out the little man, dabbing his stick at me.
 "Be still, Mangel. So you wish to find the rue de Bourdonnais, sir?"
 "He had better find the watch," interrupted Maitre Mangel, "they have

gone that way towards the Porte St. Martin."

"Then this is the—"

"Rue St. Martin."

"A hundred thanks. I now know where I am, and have only to follow my nose to get where I want. I thank you once more, and good-night."

At last I was once again in the rue des Deux Mondes, very footsore and weary; but kept up by the thought of what I had before me, and ready to drop dead before I should yield to fatigue. There was no one in the street, and, seizing the huge knocker, I hammered at the door in a manner loud enough to waken the dead. It had the effect of arousing one or two of the inhabitants of the adjoining houses, who opened their windows and peered out into the night, and then shut them again hastily, for the wind blew chill across the Passeur aux Vaches. There was no answer to my knock, and then I again beat furiously at the door, with a little sinking of my heart as it came to me that perhaps some harm had befallen these good people. This time, however, I heard a noise within, and presently Pantin's voice inquiring in angry accents who it was that disturbed the rest of honest people at so late an hour.

"Open, Pantin!" I shouted. "It is I—do you not know me?"

Then I heard another voice, and a sudden joy went through me, for it was that of my trusty Jacques.

"Grand Dieu! It is the chevalier! Open the door, quick, man!"

It was done in a trice, and as I stepped in Pantin closed it again rapidly, whilst Jacques seized my hand in his, and then, letting it go, gambolled about like a great dog that has just found its master.

I noticed, however, at the first glance I took around, that both Pantin and Jacques were fully dressed, late as it was, and that the notary was very pale, and the hand in which he held a lantern was visibly trembling.

"Monsieur," he began, and then stopped, but I understood the question in his voice and answered at once:

"Pantin, I have come back to free her—come back almost from the dead."

"Then, monsieur, there are those here who can help you still—I had thought you brought the worst news," and he looked at me where I stood, soiled and wet. "This way, M. le Chevalier," he continued.

"In a moment, Pantin," cut in Dame Annette's voice, and the good woman came up to me with a flagon of warmed wine in her hand.

"Take this first, chevalier, 'tis Maitre Pantin's nightcap; but I do not think he will need it this night. God be thanked you have come back safe."

I wrung her hand and drained the wine at a draught, and then, with Pantin ahead, holding his lantern aloft, we ascended the stairs that led to my apartments. As we went up I asked Jacques:

"Did you manage the business?"

"Yes, monsieur; and Marie and her father are both safe at Aurac. I rode



I WAS NOT QUICK ENOUGH.

back almost without drawing rein, and reached here but this afternoon; and then, monsieur, I heard what had happened, and gave you up for lost."

At this juncture we reached the small landing near the sitting-room I had occupied, and Pantin, without further ceremony, flung open the door, and announced me by name. I stepped in, with some surprise, the others crowding after me, and at the first glance recognized to my astonishment De Belin, who had half risen from his seat, his hand on his sword hilt, as the door was flung open, and in the other figure, seated in armchair, and staring moodily into the fire, saw Palin, who, however, made no movement toward turning his head, and looking coldly at me. Not so Belin, for he sprang forward to meet me, in his impulsive way, calling out:

"Arridieu! You are back! Palin, take heart, man! He would never have come back alone."

The last words struck me like a blow, and my confusion was increased by the demeanor of Palin, who gave no sign of recognition, and there I stood in the midst of them fumbling with the hilt of my sword, and facing the still motionless figure before me, the light of the candles falling on the stern, drawn features of the Huguenot.

My forehead grew hot with shame and anger, as I looked from one to another, and then, like a criminal before a judge, I faced the old man and told him exactly what had happened—all except one thing which I kept back. At the mention of Ravallac's name, and of his identity with the capuchin, the viscount De Belin swore bitterly under his mustache; and but for that exclamation my story was heard in stillness to its bitter end. For a moment one might have heard a pin fall, and then Palin said: "And you left her—there!" The dry contempt of his manner stung me; but I could say nothing save mutter:

"I did what I could."

"The one ewe lamb of the fold—the last and the best beloved," he said, as if speaking to himself, and then in a sudden fury he sprang to his feet; "but why do we stand prating here? There

are five of us, and we know where she is—come."

But Belin put his hand on his shoulder. "Patience, Maitre Palin—patience."

"I have had enough of patience and enough of trusting others," and the Huguenot shook off the hand and looked at me with a scowl. "Come, M. d' Aurac, if you would make amends, lead me to this Toison d'Or and we will see what an old arm can do."

"I am ready," I answered.

But Belin again interfered. "Messieurs, this is madness—from what I have gathered, d'Aurac will prove but a blind guide back—we are not, moreover, sure that madame is there—sit still here, you Palin—neither you nor d'Aurac are fit to think. Fore Gad! It was lucky I thought of this for our meeting place to-night, Palin—sit still and let me think."

"I can think well enough," I cut in, "and I have my plan; but I should like to ask a question or two before I speak."

"And these questions are?"

"I presume I am suspected of this abduction?"

"And of more. Nom de Dieu! Man! your mare was found dead, and beside her one of the marshal's guards, run through the heart," answered De Belin.

"Then of course if I am seen I am in danger?"

"A miracle only could save you. The king is enraged beyond measure, and swears he will let the edict go in its full force against you. The camarguer has made a fine story of it, saying how he tried to stop the abduction, but failed in the attempt."

"In short, then, it would ruin all chances if we adopt Maitre Palin's suggestion."

"You are saving me the trouble of thinking."

"Again," I went on, "it is not certain if madame is still at the Toison d'Or, and apart from that I doubt if I could find my way back there to-night, unless anyone could guide me," and I looked at the Pantins, who shook their heads sorrowfully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT A POPULAR TRADE.

One of its Followers Who Got No Sympathy When He Complained of the Hard Times.

Three men were standing in front of the post office, and to one of them came a fourth. One of the three did not know the newcomer, and stepped aside slightly, but he overheard the conversation:

"Well, John, how's things?"

"Poor, very poor. I haven't had a thing to do for three weeks."

"Is that so?"

"Sure. If this streak of bad luck keeps up I'll have to go out of business."

Instead of commiserating, the other two men grinned, and one said, in an unfeeling tone: "I don't care if you never have work."

John shook his head sadly and passed on.

The listener was shocked. He had never heard anything so bluntly cruel. In a few moments he expressed his feelings somewhat warmly.

"He seems like an honest fellow, and deserves encouragement," he concluded.

Both men laughed outright.

"Well," said one at length, "if you want to give him a job, you're welcome. He is an undertaker."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Short Flights.

The man who works for his father-in-law is sure of a steady job.

Even the invention of the flying machine won't enable us to visit our castles in the air.

The poor shot won't hit much, even with a double-barrel gun.

The man who keeps his mouth shut never gets a black eye.

Many of us would work for posterity if we could get our pay in advance.

The danger of making a false step depends entirely on whether you are at the top or the bottom of the stairs.

When your poor relatives begin to gather at your bedside it isn't necessary to ask the doctor if he thinks you are going to die.—N. Y. World.

"Isabelle the Obstinate."

Isabelle de Villaines became queen of Yvetot in or about 1455. She is known as "Isabelle the Obstinate," and with some reason. Her guardians wished her to marry a great-sieur or well-born gentleman, but Isabelle stoutly refused.

It turned out that her whole heart was set upon a certain playfellow of her childhood, Jean Chenu, son of a small farmer and nephew of Isabelle's instructor, the abbot of St. Wandrille.

Jean went to the wars to seek his fortune, returning home a belted knight, and married the faithful Queen Isabelle of Yvetot, who had waited "obstinately" for his return.—Gerald Brennan, in St. Nicholas.

Not True Love.

Daughter—I will have to break my engagement with Mr. Niccifer, mother. I find I do not love him.

Mother—When did you make that discovery?

Daughter—Last evening. I saw him out walking with another woman, and I did not want to murder her at all.—N. Y. Weekly.

Got What He Was After.

Yeast—I understand Snapton has been after a political job.

Crimsonbeak—Yes; I see he's not doing anything now. I guess he must have got it.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Important Thing.

"The marriage at Spicer's was a failure, was it not?"

"Well, in a measure. The groom didn't show up, but we had a spanking good supper."—N. Y. Journal.

Every Dog Has His Day.

Black—I'm doing a dog's life.

White—Never mind, old man; your day is coming.—Up to Date.

IT IS ORDERED.

President McKinley Has Decided to Have Gen. Eagan Court-Martialed.

Eagan Has Already Begun an Outline of His Defense—He Will Be Relieved of Command and Placed Under Arrest—His Successor.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The president Tuesday announced to the cabinet, shortly after it assembled for its regular Tuesday session, that he had decided to order a court-martial to try Commissary General Eagan for the abusive and violent language he had used respecting Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, while on the witness stand before the war investigating commission last Thursday. Ever since the sensational event the president has been carefully deliberating over the matter and has had frequent consultations with army officers and others regarding the steps that should be taken, for he was convinced from the outset that the question for consideration was what action should be taken and not whether any disciplinary measures at all should be had. A determination to take some action was vigorously expressed at the last cabinet meeting, but the president reserved final decision. Tuesday, just before the cabinet session, he held a conference with the secretary of war and Adj. Gen. Corbin. It was not long in duration, but the action to follow Gen. Eagan's utterances was decided, and when the cabinet met the president announced that he had reached his decision in the matter. He said he had determined that there was only one course to adopt and that was to order a court-martial to be convened at once to try Gen. Eagan. The decision which was reached only Tuesday morning, notwithstanding reports that a court-martial had been decided on Monday, met the unanimous approval of the members of the cabinet. Three of the president's official advisers, Secretary Alger, Secretary Wilson and Postmaster General Emory Smith, were absent, but in each instance their views are known to coincide thoroughly with the president's decision. There was some discussion following the president's announcement in which the case was thrashed over to some extent though the president himself took little part in this discussion. The details of this action were left to the secretary of war, who had withdrawn just prior to the session, to return to the war department to put in motion the machinery for the convening of the court. While it was not definitely stated after the cabinet meeting what specifications would be made against Gen. Eagan, it is understood that the specific charge on which he will be tried will be conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Col. John Weston, the next ranking officer, will probably succeed Gen. Eagan.

A MAIL POUCH WAS STOLEN.

The Money Extracted and the Money Orders, Stamps and Checks, After Mutilation, Thrown Away.

NILES, Mich., Jan. 18.—Evidences of a mail robbery were discovered Tuesday a mile west of here alongside the Michigan Central tracks. From all appearances it would seem that a mail bag was stolen in Detroit, or in Canada, the contents procured, and the thief, boarding a westbound train, extracted the contents, retaining only the cash found in them and throwing the money orders, stamps and checks, after mutilating them, from the window. The scraps of envelopes found show that hundreds of letters were addressed to Montgomery, Ward & Co., Chicago, and it is probable that this firm is a heavy loser. Only one of the orders found was legible, and it was issued at Lindenville, N. Y., January 10.

SITUATION LESS STRAINED.

Advices Received by the War Department From Gen. Otis at Manila Continue Reassuring in Character.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The advices received at the war department from Gen. Otis at Manila continue reassuring in character. They show that the relations between the military officials and the insurgents are less strained than they have been, which leads the administration here to hope that a peaceful solution of the difficulties confronting the government in the islands will be reached. What troops have been landed by Gen. Miller in the vicinity of Iloilo have not been with a hostile purpose, but to carry out the intentions of the government in its operations there. Conferences have been held with the insurgents, but their conclusions are not made public here.

The Sheriffs Knocked Out.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 18.—The Ohio supreme court Tuesday knocked out all the sheriffs appointed to fill the vacancies created by the act of the legislature which made the regular term of office of sheriffs begin in September instead of January.

Musical Composer Had a Dead.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Edward Holst, the musical composer, is dead in this city of Bright's disease, aged 55 years. He was a native of Copenhagen, Denmark.

FELL WITH AN AWFUL CRASH.

Water Undermines a Viaduct at Cleveland—Six Abutments of the Structure Washed Away.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 19.—The handsome new Wilson avenue viaduct fell at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday. It is a total wreck.

Shortly before 2 o'clock the dam, which had been piling up the water at the bridge, gave way and the torrents swept down and washed out two of the piers. The culverts got stopped up several days ago and the water dammed up 50 feet. There was fear for the long viaduct. Traffic was suspended in anticipation of possible danger.

Two more piers collapsed at 9 a. m. The fifth pier gave way at 10:20. At 10:30 a. m. the sixth abutment gave way and the big viaduct sagged low. Then, with a tremendous report, it snapped in two above the great hole, which had been washed away beneath it. About 150 feet of the bridge forms an incline to the bed of the creek below, where are the tracks of the Nickel-plate railroad.

The 30 men were 25 feet below the summit of the dam, laboring in the dim glow of a few incandescent lights, when their foreman suddenly called to them to run for their lives. Most of them being foreigners and slow to understand English, but very few knew what the command meant and did not at first show any signs of heeding it, and were literally dragged away.

The north end of the Wilson avenue bridge has been moved from its foundation half an inch and engineers have given up hope of saving the structure. Five of its piers have crumbled away and sunk below the surface of the water.

A terrific collapse of the earth on the south side of the dam near the abutments occurred early Wednesday, carrying away 15 feet of earth carrying several telegraph poles along with it. A few moments later the water undermined an embankment 150 feet high and 50 feet in area sweeping it down with the raging flood.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the sixth abutment of the big bridge gave way.

Judge Grosscup Appointed Circuit Judge.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The president Wednesday nominated Peter S. Grosscup, of Illinois, to be United States circuit judge for the Seventh judicial circuit.



JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP, cup, of Illinois, to be United States circuit judge for the Seventh judicial circuit.

SERIOUS STATE OF AFFAIR.

Gov. Atkinson and the Senate Refuse to Recognize the West Virginia House as Organized—Business Blocked.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Jan. 19.—The political situation has assumed a serious aspect by reason of the refusal of Gov. Atkinson and the senate, which is republican, to formally recognize the house. Though the governor has been notified that the house is organized and ready for business, the governor has not transmitted his message, and there is no indication as to when he will do so. The governor was asked Wednesday afternoon the reason for his course, but declined to talk. The senate persisted in its dilatory attitude of adjourning each day immediately after convening and thus frustrated the efforts of the house committee to apprise it of the fact that the house is in session. A republican leader in the house Wednesday made the remark that: "There will be a house in a few days that the government will recognize."

This remark is construed by the democrats as indicating some sort of a revolutionary policy on the part of the republicans.

THEY MISTREAT ANIMALS.

Mrs. Leonard Wood Organizing a Branch of the S. P. C. A. in Havana—Numerous Cases of Brutality.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Jan. 19.—A conspicuous feature of life in Cuba is cruelty to domestic animals. It is quite impossible to walk the streets of this city without seeing numerous cases of brutality that ought to be prosecuted. Mrs. Leonard Wood, with other ladies, is now organizing a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and will soon put herself in communication with the head offices in New York.

Starved Himself to Death.

JANESVILLE, Wis., Jan. 19.—Rev. A. S. Hendrickson, the aged Methodist minister who has fasted 47 days, is dead. He suffered a stroke of paralysis on December 10, and from that time until his death he refused to partake of anything but water.

Negro Hanged.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 19.—James Booker, alias Chavis, a young Negro, was hanged here Wednesday.

convicted of the murder of a heart, McHaley White, three

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.
BRUCE MILLER, }

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter. Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Locals in black, twenty cents per line each insertion. Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line-rates. Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line. Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.

The Silver Service Fund.

[Courier-Journal.]

Mr. James F. Buckner, Secretary of the Board of Trade, who has charge of the fund for the purchase of the battleship Kentucky silver service, said yesterday that the amount had reached \$5,600. The greater part of this is now in Mr. Buckner's hands. A small amount is yet to be collected from persons who have subscribed various sums. It is desired that all who have not yet paid the amount of their subscriptions will do so at their earliest convenience. The \$5,600 includes the net proceeds from Terpsichore's Carnival, which was given for the benefit of the silver service.

"The Farmer's New Ledger."

THE Cincinnati Enquirer, the Courier-Journal, Maysville Bulletin, Cynthiana Times, and a number of other papers are having fun with the Paris merchants and professional men who went up against "The Farmer's New Ledger" advertising scheme. The Times very properly remarks:

"The local paper is the place for a merchant to put his advertisement, and the home printer is the one for merchants to go to for their job work. The home grocery is the place to go for your groceries. The local dry goods merchants will treat you better and wait longer for their money."

The Georgetown Times tells of a smooth stranger who spent a day—and about three dollars—in Georgetown, and solicited advertising to the amount of thirty dollars cash, to go on a card to be tacked up in the rooms at hotels. These cards are never read, and the Times argues that people who stop over night at the hotel do not come to small cities to shop, and when they do want anything they ask the hotel clerk where to buy. Money spent on these fake advertising schemes is money thrown away.

HEINZ'S baked beans in tomato sauce.
F. B. McDermott.

Every Month

there are thousands of women who nearly suffer death from irregular menses. Sometimes the "period" comes too often—sometimes not often enough—sometimes the flow is too scant, and again it is too profuse. Each symptom shows that Nature needs help, and that there is trouble in the organs concerned. Be careful when in any of the above conditions. Don't take any and every nostrum advertised to cure female troubles.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

is the one safe and sure medicine for irregular or painful menstruation. It cures all the ailments that are caused by irregularity, such as leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness, pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. By regulating the menses so that they occur every twenty-eighth day, all those aches disappear together. Just before your time comes, get a bottle and see how much good it will do you. Druggists sell it at \$1.

Send for our free book, "Perfect Health for Women."

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

The battleship silver service fund has reached \$5,600.

The Fourth Kentucky will be mustered out at once.

The Richmond Fair Grounds have been converted into stock pens.

Wm. Miller, a negro, will be hung on February 2, at LaGrange, for criminal assault.

It is expected that the Battleship Kentucky will be ready to go into commission about July 21.

The President has decided upon Sherman, Dewey, Otis, Denby and Worcester for his Philippine Commission.

A Cincinnati woman has had a colored man arrested because she thinks he is a hoodoo doctor and has her husband under a spell.

The Harrisburg Trust Company, which has a mortgage on the J. E. Pepper Co., has asked the courts to appoint a receiver for the distillery.

The name of the Protestant Infirmary at Lexington, has been changed to Good Samaritan Hospital. Its cost for buildings and grounds is \$40,000.

President McKinley will appoint a Kentucky man one of the commissioners to the Par's Exposition, if the delegation at Washington can agree upon the man.

Gov. Bradley has left Frankfort for a vacation of ten days or two weeks, during which time Lieutenant Governor Worthington will preside at the Executive Office.

Hon. J. Campbell Cantrill, of Scott county, has announced for the Legislature. He was a member of the last House and was the author of the School Census Bill. He is a son of Circuit Judge Cantrill.

The committee which has been considering the cases of Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama; Col. Colson, of Kentucky, and Col. Campbell of Illinois, has unanimously agreed that the gentlemen have forfeited their seats in Congress by accepting commissions in the army, and will so report to the House. The members affected are disposed to accept the finding of the committee.

The President has ordered a court martial to try Commissary General Eagan for abusive and violent language toward Maj. Gen. Miles, commanding the army. Secretary Alger has been directed to form the court. Maj. Gen. Merritt is mentioned as the probable officer. If convicted the penalty is dismissal from the army, subject only to the clemency of the President.

SENATOR DEBOE has introduced a joint resolution providing for the appointment of a congressional commission to decide upon the advisability of establishing a National Soldiers' Home at Abraham Lincoln's birthplace in Kentucky.

The Eagle King of All Birds, is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

W. S. Anderson,

Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Gents:—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for stomach trouble and constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours,
W. S. ANDERSON, M. D.
Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

New Train Service.

Commencing Monday, December 5th, the Frankfort & Cincinnati Railway will make several important changes in train service from Paris.

Train leaving Frankfort at 3:40 p. m. will run through to Paris, arriving at 5:10 p. m., making close connection for Kentucky Central points.

A new train will leave Paris at 5:40 p. m. and arrive at Frankfort at 7:10 p. m. The morning train arriving at 8:40 a. m., and leaving at 9:30 a. m. will remain as heretofore.

All of these trains will be strictly passenger trains, and hereafter freight trains will not carry passengers.

Insure in my agency non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

A Popular Hotel.

ALWAYS popular, the Palace Hotel, Sixth and Vine street, was easily the most popular hotel in Cincinnati during the G. A. R. encampment. Excellent cuisine, prompt service, and polite employees, and splendid management has made it the best \$2 and \$2.50 per day hotel in America. Kentuckians always find friends stopping at this hostelry.

INSURE against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co.—lower rates and absolutely safe insurance.
O. W. MILLER, Agent,
PARIS, KY.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise Remarks to The Foyer.

Some silly Texas girls kissed fat old General Shafter while he was en route to California.

"The Rev. Griffith Davenport," by Jas. A. Herne, author of "Shore Acres," has made a hit in Washington, where it received its initial production Monday night.

Elita Proctor Otis, who made such a fine impression here several years ago in the character of Nancy Sikes, has filed a petition in bankruptcy in New York. Her liabilities are \$36,331.

Walker Whitesides, an exceedingly clever young actor, made a very favorable impression at the opera house Tuesday night in the romantic drama "The Red Cockade." The attendance was small.

"Don't Tell Them Where You Found Me," is the title of a new song just issued by the Groene Music Co., of 32 E. Fifth street, Cincinnati. The words are by Rev. Thos. Delaney, former Chaplain of a state penitentiary. The song will be sent to any address for twenty cents.

The private car used by Fields & Hanson's minstrels has been lost. This is the first instance on record where a private car has completely disappeared. Persons finding the car will please notify the New Jersey Car Equipment Co. If the minstrels are lost, they will please stay lost.

The barber pole collars which are being worn by many young men in Central Kentucky were knocked out in a curious way in Chicago just as they were catching on. The manufacturers of white collars made up 1,000 dozen of colored collars of very conspicuous patterns and gave them away to colored men for obvious reasons.

Always ask for Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour. All grocers keep it. Insist on having Purity every time.

Try our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00.
F. B. McDermott.

THERE are eggs and eggs. The egg of yesterday looks, feels, measures and weighs like the egg of last month, but there's a difference in another respect, and that difference is worth money. Its just so with laundry. The difference between good work and poor is slight to the unpracticed discernment, but it's a difference that counts every time. It's a difference that changes your laundry bill from an expense to an investment. We do good work—it will cost no more than poor work but its worth double the difference.

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

Sure Cure for Dandruff.

Fifty or more patrons of Crawford Bros., barber shop have lately used the celebrate Coke cure for dandruff with gratifying results. A sure cure and is recommended by a score of well known Parisians. Persons who are troubled with dandruff should get a bottle of Coke from Crawford Bros. and try it once.

Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. Twenty five cents at all good druggists.

Foul-Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most obstinate diseases, and hence the most difficult to get rid of.

There is but one way to cure it. The disease is in the blood, and all the sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures in the world can have no permanent effect whatever upon it. Swift's Specific cures Catarrh permanently, for it is the only remedy which can reach the disease and force it from the blood.

Mr. B. P. McAllister, of Harrodsburg, Ky., had Catarrh for years. He writes:

"I could see no improvement whatever, though I was constantly treated with sprays and washes, and different inhaling remedies."

"Finally it was brought to my notice that Catarrh was a blood disease, and after thinking over the matter, I saw it was unreasonable to expect to be cured by remedies which only reached the surface. I then decided to try S. S. S., and after a few bottles were used, I noticed a perceptible improvement. Continuing the remedy, the disease was forced out of my system, and a complete cure was the result. I advise all who have this dreadful disease to abandon their local treatment, which has never done them any good, and take S. S. S., a remedy that can reach the disease and cure it."

To continue the wrong treatment for Catarrh is to continue to suffer. Swift's Specific is a real blood remedy, and cures obstinate, deep-seated diseases, which other remedies have no effect whatever upon. It promptly reaches Catarrh, and never fails to cure even the most aggravated cases.

S. S. S. For The Blood
is Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no dangerous minerals.
Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

VENOMOUS SNAKES.

The Poison Machinery of the Reptiles and How It is Operated.

Some years ago a physician undertook a series of experiments on snakes with a view to extracting a sufficient amount of their venom to form a basis for investigation, in order, if possible, to discover some antidote. His laboratory is a curious and somewhat uncanny place and one from which those with unsteady nerves instinctively recoil.

The apparatus for extracting the venom is a most ingenious and yet a very simple one. A bit of chamois is tied over the top of a funnel which leads to a bottle. Everything is secured very firmly. The snake is caught by the back of the neck and placed close to this chamois. He strikes his fangs through it, when tiny jets of venom are thrown from the fangs upon the glass sides of the bottle, trickling thence into the bottle. Again and again the snake is made to strike. If necessary, other snakes of the same species are used until a sufficient amount of the venom is collected.

The relative deadly qualities of the venom of snakes have also been the subject of experiments. It appears that the diamond back rattlesnake is the most to be dreaded. The next in order is the banded rattlesnake, followed by the copperhead and the water moccasin or cottonmouth.

The poison machinery of the snake consists of a pair of needle pointed fangs, which, when the creature is at rest, are folded back in the roof of the mouth. When it becomes angry, these fangs are thrown forward, and in the act of striking a tiny jet of poison is thrown from each. The poison is a thin, yellow fluid which upon exposure decomposes very rapidly. Snake poison, if kept from the air or dried, retains its full force for many years.—New York Ledger.

INDEMNITY AGAINST LOSS.

Some Ancient Instances of Insurance Can Be Easily Found.

Probably the first recorded instance of insurance was one mentioned by Livy. During the second Punic war the contractors for delivering corn into Spain stipulated that the government should indemnify them against loss by the enemy or tempest. Cicero, too, after his victory in Cilicia, seems to have obtained security against the loss of his booty during its transit to Rome. These instances, however, are not regarded as true cases of insurance by many authorities, who assert that only after the revival of commerce in the tenth century did it come into vogue. If this be so, the first mention of insurance is the establishment in 1310 at Bruges at the request of the inhabitants of a chamber of assurance.

"The contract of reciprocal insurance was known likewise in Portugal in the fourteenth century, and in the fifteenth (Sept. 10, 1436) King Edward of Portugal writes from Lisbon that the merchant vessels of the English, which had been chartered for the Tangier expedition, had not been insured, owing to the fault of their proprietors, while those of the Portuguese, even of the royal navy, were." It is probable, however, that insurance came into use in Italy early in the twelfth century and was by the Lombards transplanted into those countries with which they had commercial dealings. To them, therefore, the invention of insurance, as it is now understood, is generally conceded.—Exchange.

Testing Cornstalk Pith.

The American consul general at St. Petersburg gives this account of a trial of cornstalk pith made by the Russian admiralty board on the proving grounds at Peligon, near St. Petersburg:

"A cofferdam 6 feet long, 6 feet deep and 3 feet broad was packed with blocks of cellulose made from the pith of Indian corn stalks. The material was supplied by an American corporation. A 6 inch solid shot was fired through the dam, striking it about 20 inches from the bottom. The shot passed clear through both the iron walls and the cellulose packing. Less than half a pound of cellulose was carried out by the projectile. The water compartment of the dam was filled, giving a pressure of nearly five feet of water on the perforated surface. In just half an hour a moist spot began to show on the outer surface of the dam, but it was evident the moisture had come along the bottom of the packing and not along the path of the shot. In four hours no water had come through the shot's path."

"The experiment conclusively demonstrated that a ship provided with a cofferdam packed as was the one used in the experiment could be perforated five feet below the water line without the least danger of the entrance of water."

In the Museum.

"How many dollars a week does the fat lady get?" inquired the tattooed man.

"H'm!" sniffed the snake charmer. "She's English, you know, and gets paid by the pound."

"Is that so?" put in the living skeleton. "Thank goodness, I'm not English. I'd stand a slim chance."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her View of Evolution.

When the late Professor Henry Drummond was giving a course of lectures on "Evolution" in the Lowell institute, he overheard two women, evidently much opposed to his views, discussing them. One of them said, "Mary, if what he says is not true, we can stand it, but if it is true we must hush it up."

It is said that there is in Sonora a tribe of Indians with yellow hair and blue eyes.

The three prime essentials in the nursery are fresh air, good food and pure water.

Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

FRANK & CO.

404 MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

New Goods,
New Styles,
New Patterns.

Prices Right,
Style Right,
Goods Right.

After the most successful week of sales in the history of our business we will be ready Monday, January 23rd, with our New Spring Styles in

Hamburgs,
Laces,
Percalés,
Piques,
Cheviots,
Sheetings.
Dimitis,
Ginghams,
Welts,
Shirtings,
Cottons,
Linen.

Ready Made Sheets,
Pillow Cases and Bolsters.

All at Prices that meet all legitimate competition.

FRANK & CO



If you desire to improve a good opportunity to purchase

Carpets at a Low Price

Call and examine my stock at once. I will give you some figures that will please you. I want the space for my new Spring stock.

J. T. HINTON.

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings.
Send in your old furniture to be repaired.
Your furniture moved by experienced hands.
Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]

One year.....\$2.00 [Six months.....\$1.00
NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

Fresh Meal

Exchanged for corn at Spears & Sons. Office near L. & N Freight Depot.

THE L. & N. pay car was here Tuesday.

Geo. Harper, who has been manager of the Bluegrass Grocery at Midway, will remove to this city.

DR. SILAS EVANS, late of Lexington, has rented the residence of the late Dr. O. H. Buck, on Pleasant street.

Sergeant Winsor Letton and Private John Plummer, of Company I, Second Kentucky, this week received their discharge from the service.

ON account of failing health Dr. R. Goldstein, the Louisville optician, has canceled his monthly engagements in Central Kentucky towns.

MISS SUE C. BUCKNER, daughter of Walker Buckner, united with the Baptist church Wednesday night and was baptized by Rev. Eberhardt.

F. Threlkeld, of Lexington, is in the city in the interest of the Southern Mutual Investment Co., of Lexington. He has appointed Mrs. O. H. Buck as local agent for the company.

REV. E. G. B. MANN will not preach at the Methodist church Sunday on account of being ill, but the pulpit will be filled at the morning service by Rev. Dr. Varden, and at night by Rev. Dr. Rutherford.

"Ideal Womanhood in Christian Art," will be the subject of Mrs. A. R. Bourne's lecture to-night at the lecture room of the Methodist church. This will be the last of the series which she has delivered under the auspices of the Paris Literary Club.

The colored Methodist Conference, composed of parts of the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, will be held in this city March 22d. There will be 135 ministers, besides delegates and Bishop Vincent, white, will preside.

The Paris insurance agents who were indicted by the last Grand Jury are watching with interest the trial in the Franklin Circuit Court this week of the Frankfort insurance agents who were indicted for entering into a combine. The trial began Tuesday.

LEAVE orders with me for cakes, croquettes, salads, meats, or anything in the culinary line prepared by Mrs. W. A. Johnson. I will keep at all times in stock in my show window, a nice line of her goods. F. B. McDERMOTT.

GRAVES and Hutchinson have defeated Swift and Milward in a series of sixteen games for the bowling championship of Lexington. W. B. Hutchinson, formerly of this city, was the leader of the winning team, thereby winning the distinction of being the champion bowler of Lexington.

Home From Havana.

Andrew Gorey, of this city, who went to Havana sometime ago, arrived home Wednesday for a short visit. He brought home several relics of the war, among which are a Spanish Mauser rifle and some clothing worn by Spanish soldiers. He also has interesting photos of Morro Castle and points in and near Havana. Mr. Gorey has gone into business in that city and will return to Cuba in a short time.

Young Moran's Will.

THE will of Young Moran was probated at the County Clerk's office Wednesday. The deceased bequeaths all of his estate, which is valued at about fifty thousand dollars, to his children, Edward B. Moran and Mrs. Frank Clay, during their life and then to their heirs. Henry Spears is named as executor of the will, and is also to be trustee for Ed. Moran. The will is dated November 1st, 1893. The second wife of the deceased is provided for by a marriage contract.

A codicil of the will is dated February 1st, 1893.

In Judge Purnell's Court.

SYLVESTER HICKS, colored, was held by Judge Purnell, Wednesday, in sum of \$200 for running a crap game.

Will Allen, colored, was fined \$20 for participating in a game of craps.

Dave Williams was given thirty days for pilfering coal from the L. & N.

George Williams, charged with suffering gaming, will be tried to-day before Judge Purnell.

Riley Small was fined \$12.50 Wednesday in Webb's court for beating a

Bright Sayings of Children.

The bright remarks of children—generally unique and always unexpected—are always interesting.

A Carlisle two-year-old who was visiting in Paris recently was greeted at the breakfast table with a cheery "good-morning," by a member of the family. The child quickly looked up and asked, "used Pear's soap?"

A Paris child who was forbidden some childish pleasure, thoughtfully remarked this week: "I don't believe that auntie ever was a child—she must have been born grown-up."

The tot of a Lexington lady who took in a new boarder last week was heard to make the following prayer: "God bless papa, mamma, sister and brother, and God please bless the new boarder. I don't know what his name is but you do."

Use Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour—for sale by all grocers. Ask for it. Take no other.

Poultry On Exhibition.

BOURBON COUNTY was well represented this week at the meeting of the Kentucky State Poultry Association at Louisville. J. F. Barbee, of Millersburg, had on exhibition a lot of fine chickens and turkeys. Kirby Trimble, of North Middletown, showed three coops of Silver Wyandottes. Willis & Clark of Paris, showed fifteen barred Plymouth Rocks, twelve Brown Leghorns and four Buff Leghorns. J. W. Tanner, of near Paris, exhibited thirty-six Barred Plymouth Rocks, and Paul Shipp sent some Silver Wyandottes. C. A. Kenney exhibited some fine game chickens.

In the Barred Plymouth Rock class, J. W. Tanner won first and second premiums on pullet, first and second on cockerel, and first on pen. Willis & Clark won second prize on cock.

A Farmer Buncoed.

A Jessamine county farmer was buncoed last week by two strangers who pretended to buy his farm. When one stranger offered to put up \$5,000 to secure the trade if the farmer would put up a like amount, the farmer went in and got the money from the bank. The banker warned him to watch for the sharpers, but the farmer drove back to the country with the stranger. On the road they met the other stranger who asked if they got the money. Both the farmer and the alleged buyer showed their rolls of money, when the other sharper reached in and took both rolls and ran away. The alleged buyer pursued the other fellow but he never came back.

An Untruthful Item.

THE attention of the *Kentuckian-Citizen*, which paper has taken such pains to "correct" some correct statements which have appeared in THE NEWS, is called to the fact that the story which it printed Wednesday about the narrow escape of Dr. W. Kenny, Sr., from burning to death in his bed, is untrue. One of Dr. Kenny's children yesterday told THE NEWS that the story has no foundation. Dr. Kenny, who has been an invalid for several years, is getting along as well as could be expected.THE NEWS is requested to state that the item published in the *Kentuckian-Citizen* is untrue.

McGrathiana and Runnymede Sales.

COL. MILTON YOUNG, of McGrathiana, and Clay & Woodford, of Runnymede, have claimed June 16th and 23d for the sales of their yearlings.

One hundred fine yearlings from McGrathiana and Runnymede will go under the hammer. These include the get of the great Hanover, Hindoo, Sir Dixon, Lamplighter and other famous sires.

The sale will be conducted by the American Horse Exchange at their new paddocks in New York. The dates claimed are off days of racing.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Henry Fahrman is in Atlanta with a shipment of mules.

At the Gentry sale of fine Berkshire hogs at Danville this week seventy hogs averaged \$34. The highest price was \$200 which was paid by an agent of Vanderbilt, of the Biltmore Farm, Asheville.

HICKMOTT's asparagus tips, equal to the fresh. F. B. McDERMOTT.

Men's and Boys' overcoats at cost. Come and see for yourselves at Price & Co's, clothiers. We need the cash.

GUNTHER'S fine canaries for sale for Christmas. NEWTON MITCHELL.

Twenty five per cent. discount on all Winter underwear at Price & Co's, clothiers.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

FOR SALE.—One large anthracite stove. Apply to Dr. Usery. (2t)

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mrs. W. C. Jones is visiting relatives in Carlisle.

—Editor Wm. Remington was in Cincinnati yesterday.

—Miss Bruce Collins has returned home from Midway.

—Mr. Ed. Hutchcraft was a visitor in Lexington, Tuesday.

—Miss Cora Wilcox has returned from a visit to relatives in Lexington.

—Mr. John Barnes, of Mt. Sterling, was in the city yesterday afternoon.

—Mr. J. Payne, of Newtown, left last week for Florida to spend the winter.

—Mr. H. B. Hart, of Cincinnati, was the guest of Mr. Porter Smith, Wednesday.

—Mrs. W. V. Parker entertained the Six Hand Enchre Club Wednesday afternoon.

—Mrs. Ed. Bean and daughter arrived home yesterday from a visit in Mt. Sterling.

—Miss Kate Russell has returned from a delightful visit to Miss Eloise Cleary, in Covington.

—Miss Clara Peebles left yesterday for Pawtucket, R. I., to accept a place as stenographer.

—Messrs. Holly Witherspoon and Kader Allen, of Winchester, were in the city yesterday.

—Mr. Ernest Reed, of New York, was in the city several days this week, representing an eastern dry goods house.

—Miss Pattie Letton has gone to Lexington for a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Mattie McCarney, and the Misses Cannon.

—Mrs. Mattie Smith was called to Scott Monday to be with her daughter, Mrs. Lindsay Wright, who is quite ill.

—Miss Clara Peebles left yesterday for Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where she will accept a position as stenographer.

—Capt. W. H. Cox went to Cincinnati Wednesday to see Richard Mansfield's performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

—Messrs. Chas. Kenney, J. H. Holt, and U. S. G. Pepper, of Paris, were registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in Louisville, Tuesday.

—Mrs. George W. Stuart and son John, left yesterday for a visit to Mrs. Albert Miller and Mrs. W. W. Goltra, in Crawfordville, Ind.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Harrison, of Xenia, Ohio, arrived Wednesday to visit the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Meng, near North Middletown.

—Mrs. Nancy Carrick, of Newtown, and Mrs. Sarah Nutter and Mrs. Martha Maupin, of Lexington, are guests at the home of J. W. Wilcox.

—Miss Mattie Lilleston arrived home Wednesday from Little Rock, Ark., where she has been teaching a music class. She will go to Hustonville in a few days to teach a class.

—Miss Nannie Clay, of this city, and Mrs. Pepper, the Misses Pepper and Miss Labrot, of Frankfort, composed a party which spent several days of this week in Cincinnati, stopping at the St. Nicholas. They went to shop and to see "Cyrano."

The very best companies compose my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm. Non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Tornadoes And Cyclones.

LOOKOUT, these windstorms will sweep your farm property off the face of the earth, and you will lose it all unless you have a policy in the old and tried Glen Falls of New York—\$1,000 insurance for five years will only cost you \$10. Tobacco barns a specialty. (9nov-1f) T. PORTER SMITH, Agent.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

We are the people's friends. We repair your linen and put neck bands on free. HAGGARD & REED.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

New York, Edam, pine-apple, Neufchâtel cheese. NEWTON MITCHELL.

NUTS, raisins, dates, figs, currants, seedless raisins. NEWTON MITCHELL.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Low prices on candies for entertainments. Cheap but pure. (1f) NEWTON MITCHELL.

Weak Eyes are Made Strong, dim vision made clear, styes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solennizations Of The Marriage Vows.

G. C. Peters and bride, who was Miss Bessie Woolfolk, of Danville, sailed this week for Boca, South America. The groom is from Columbus, Ohio, and is largely interested in exporting trade with South America. They were married last week in Mobile where the bride was visiting friends.

Mr. Ben Fowler, a prosperous young farmer of the Clintonville precinct, and Miss Mazie Morrow, the lovely daughter of Mr. G. W. Morrow, of Clintonville, were married yesterday in Lexington at the residence of Rev. R. Lin Cave, who performed the ceremony.

BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

Twin sons were born to the wife of Wm. A. T. Wood, and twin daughters to the wife of Wm. Amyx, of Mt. Sterling. This happened on Friday, the thirteenth.

S. S. ABNEY, mail carrier, will haul light baggage to and from depot. Terms very reasonable. Leave orders at Post-office. (1f)

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Abram Cassell aged seventy-nine, father of Thos. Cassell, formerly of this city, died Wednesday at Lexington.

W. W. Pike, aged sixty-eight, a former citizen of this city, died last week at Hartwell, Ohio. The deceased was well known to many of the older citizens of Paris. During his residence in Paris he was editor of the *Kentucky Flag*, which was established by his father, Samuel Pike. The paper was published in the office now occupied by THE NEWS.

Mrs. Kate A. Napiere, aged about thirty-two, wife of Jesse Napiere, a freight conductor on the L. & N., died in this city Tuesday at their home on South Main street. She is survived by her husband and several children. Funeral services were held yesterday morning at the residence by Rev. F. J. Cheek, and the remains were interred in the Paris cemetery.

William Henry Lampton died Monday night at Winchester, aged eighty-six years. He was at one time very wealthy and was for many years engaged in the manufacture of iron at the various furnaces in the Ashland, Ky., and Hanging Rock, Ohio, regions. He was a first cousin of Mark Twain, and the father of the well-known newspaper man, W. J. Lampton.

CRYSTALLIZED fruits, nuts, oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, malaga grapes, grape fruit.

(1f)

NEWTON MITCHELL.

Farm For Sale.

190 acres of land, eight miles south of Paris, one mile from Hutchison, situated on two good pikes. Well watered; elegant 10-room brick residence; large tobacco barn, and two tenement houses. TERMS—Easy.

Apply at THE NEWS office or write to "Lock Box 30, Paris, Ky." (20jan1f)

PUBLIC SALE

— OF —

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.

Having determined to move West, I will sell publicly, at my residence on Second Street, on

Saturday, Jan. 21, 1899,

my household and kitchen furniture, including the following:

Parlor set of furniture; Dining room furniture; 6 sets of bedroom furniture; 1 upright piano; 1 nearly new Monitor range; Curtains, portieres, etc.; China and glassware. Brussels and yarn carpets. TERMS—Under \$20 cash; over that amount 6 months at 6 per cent. Sale to begin at 9:30 a. m.

MRS. AMELIA T. LEER. A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC RENTING OF LAND.

The landed estate of the late Thomas Woodford will be rented publicly at the court-house door, in Paris, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899,

at two o'clock p. m., to the highest and best bidders.

Said land will be rented in nine parcels, and is now rented by W. E. Simms (late of Woodford), James D. Stone, Brice Steele, J. D. Ockerman, B. F. Wallis, Dr. J. M. Woodford and John H. Stuart.

The land is all in grass excepting thirty acres at Spears' Mill, occupied by Dr. J. M. Woodford. A part of this will be rented for tobacco and a part for corn. At the same time and place I will rent the Woodford warehouse at Spears' Mill, and sell the metal roofing recently removed from said warehouse.

For any information concerning these properties address me at Paris or North Middletown.

CLAUDE M. THOMAS, Receiver.

WAIT FOR

G. TUCKER'S BARGAIN SALE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

January 26th, 27th and 28th.

THREE DAYS ONLY.

CONDON'S Actual Facts Plainly Stated.

To close out all our Winter Goods in the next 60 days we have marked down all our stock to figures beyond comparison for goods of equal quality.

All our Ladies' and Children's Capes and Jackets at cost.

Special reduction in Dress Goods, \$1.00 goods now 69c, comprising Satin Berbers, Broadcloths and English Coverts.

Large line of All Wool Dress Goods at 25c and 39c per yd; formerly 50 and 75c.

See our extra wide Table Linen at 50c per yd. worth double; and our 1 size Dinner Napkins at \$1.00 worth fully twice as much.

Full line of Zephyrs, Ice Wool, Saxony and Germantown Yarn.

Embroidery Silks and Materials of all descriptions at cut prices.

Ladies' and children's Seamless Hose, 20c quality for 10c per pair. The best value in Paris.

Blankets from 39c to \$3.50 per pair, reduced to one-half of former prices.

Standard brands of Bleached cotton, 5c.

Best Unbleached cotton, 5c.

Very best Percales at 8 1/2c.

10 1/2 Sheeting, 12 1/2 and 15c.

Handsome Pictures and Rocking Chairs Given Away.

If you cannot read this small print at a distance of 14 inches your eyesight is failing and should have immediate attention:

Imperial spectacles and eyeglasses have perfect lenses, always perfectly centered and made of purest material, set in frames of the highest elasticity and consequently of greatest durability, united with the utmost lightness and elegance. When both frames and lenses are scientifically fitted by Dr. C. H. Bowen's system they always give satisfaction for they are perfect. Never buy cheap spectacles, nor of men who do not know how to fit them. You will get poorly adjusted spectacles, or poor, imperfect lenses, and are better off without any glasses than with either of these defects. Buy Imperial spectacles of a reliable, skillful dealer, and they will last longer without change and be cheapest in the end.

We have engaged the services of Dr. C. H. Bowen who will visit our store on the second and last Thursdays of each month and invite all to call and have their eyes examined, for which there is no charge. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

C. H. Winters & Co.

Next visit—Thursday, January 26, 1899.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky where quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a trial.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.

A FINE SAMPLE OF EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP

In laundry methods is displayed on every piece of linen that is sent home from our laundry, and the *connoisseur* that appreciates fine laundry work cannot help admiring the finish and fine white color that we lay upon it. Send your laundry work to us and you will never be disappointed. We handle it carefully and launder it perfectly.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry.

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors.

Telephone No. 4

CLEARANCE SALE

— OF —

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

SCHOOL SHOES

Spring Heel, Good Stock, Nothing Shoddy.

They go at 75 cts per pair.

Good values in other lines at Reduced Prices. Better see these goods as they will go quick.

DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
BRUCE MILLETT, Editor and Owner.

HAWAIIAN LOVE SONG.

(The phrase on which this poem turns is the most tender and eloquent expression of affection and love, in the Hawaiian language.)

Our northern tongue for battle,
For argument and trade,
But not for wooing looks of love
From eyes of doubting maid;
More sweet the story uttered
In far-away Hawaii—
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."

The Dane, the Celt, the Saxon
Are lovers quite as true
As any e'er the tropic sun
To dreamy roundness drew;
But none can voice so sweetly
Love's glad, triumphant joy
As this untainted Hawaiian—
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."

Pale autumn pensive lingers
Along the crimson wood,
Or bends to weep above the spot
Where late the poppy stood,
And sighs as sighs the lover
For one in far Hawaii,
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."

The mother rocking softly
Her first born, crooning low
The quaint, unwritten song of love
That babes and mothers know,
Drifts where the palms are sighing
In far-away Hawaii—
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."

Sweet phrase, all unacquainted
With sound of carol-strife,
Like love untutored come to speech
You bubble into life!
Oh, dusky-eyed Kooloele,
Oh, little-limbed, blue-eyed boy,
"Aloha nui loa,
Aloha nui oei."
—Charles Eugene Banks, in Chicago
Inter Ocean.

A Tell-Tale Semicolon

By P. Deauoy.

"A HAT!" exclaimed my chief, as he tossed by the first post, "another of those extraordinary jewel robberies, by means of a forged note of instructions, and the victim is the London and Paris bank, too. Should have thought they were too near to the other victims who suffered last year to have been caught so easily. Well, you had better see what you can make of the business, Mr. Wisney."

Having hastily perused the note, I bade good morning to the chief, and was soon bowling along in a swift hansom in the direction of Threadneedle street. Arrived at the bank, which, as everyone knows, is one of the largest institutions in the country, I was shown without delay into the submanager's room, the head manager being away in Paris. The former rose to greet me as I entered.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Wisney," he said, glancing at my card. "I am extremely glad you have come so soon, for we are in a bit of a bother here. Lady Pollock's jewels, worth at the least some £20,000, have been stolen from this bank by means of a letter purporting to come from her ladyship, authorizing the handing over of the case to the messenger."

I sat down and took out my notebook. "I shall be glad to hear full details," I remarked, "if you will be good enough to let me have them."

"I will tell you all there is to tell. About three months ago the jewels were deposited with us by Lord Pollock on behalf of his wife, and the usual receipt given for the same. The case was deposited in the strong room, after the ordinary custom, and there it remained until last Monday morning. On that morning, about 11 o'clock, a cab drove up to the bank and a footman wearing the Pollock livery handed a note to the cashier over the counter. It was brought to me, in the absence of the head manager, and this is what he said:

"Thereupon he handed me a piece of stiff note paper, bearing a crest and stamped 230 Grosvenor Gate, Mayfair. It was as follows:

"To the Manager, London and Paris Bank, Threadneedle Street, E. C.—Dear Sir: Will you kindly hand my jewel case to the bearer, as I require the diamonds to-night; the receipt which you handed to my husband is inclosed herewith. Yours faithfully,
BLANCHE POLLOCK.

"The letter being, so far as we could perceive, in the handwriting of our customer, Lady Pollock, and the receipt being in order, I, of course, authorized the clerk to hand the case to the messenger immediately. This was accordingly done, and the man, having signed the receipt form, he was driven rapidly away. In due course a letter was sent by us to her ladyship, confirming the transaction, and next morning we were astounded to receive a visit from Lord and Lady Pollock, and to hear that the jewels had never been requisitioned by either of them, the first intimation of the business being the letter from the bank."

"Her ladyship, as you may well imagine, was in a terrible condition, and it required the united efforts of Lord Pollock and myself to bring her to something approaching a rational state. Her husband also was very emphatic, and hinted plainly that he should hold us responsible for the loss."

"awful device to obtain the jewels and damages from the bank as well?"

"He thought for a moment, and then said: 'Anything is possible in these extraordinary times, but such a supposition is certainly not very probable. Lord Pollock is one of the richest men in England, and his wife has an exceedingly liberal allowance, as I happen to know from our own books. Still, of course, such a thing is always possible.'

"I hope I am not wronging her ladyship in expressing such a theory," I said, quickly; "but we all know that women in desperate straits will do desperate things. My next step will be to interview the persons who took part in the transaction of handing over the diamonds last Monday morning."

"Certainly," he replied; "the head cashier and the junior strongroom clerk."

He pressed a bell, and a messenger in uniform appeared.

"Be good enough to send Mr. Sydney and Mr. Wilson here."

Mr. Sydney proved to be a middle-aged, respectable looking man, whilst Wilson was an ingenious boy of 18. Both of them were obviously nervous when I addressed them.

"Which of you," I asked, "saw the supposed messenger from Lady Pollock last Monday?"

"I did, sir," returned the elder man. "I was standing at my desk when a carriage drove up, and a tall footman alighted."

"Describe him," I said.

"He was about six feet high, clean shaven, powdered wig, small hands, and a long, thin face—in fact, he was the typical footman all over."

"A clever disguise doubtless," I remarked. "What else?"

"There was nothing else very noticeable, sir. He simply handed me the letter, which I at once took to Mr. Reeves here (the submanager)."

Mr. Reeves, having examined the note carefully, told me to instruct Wilson, the young gentleman here, to fetch the case. This he did, and I at once gave it to the man, who went off as briskly as though he were the honestest chap in the city of London."

"That will do," said I; "and now, what has Mr. Wilson to tell us?"

He had nothing to say beyond confirming his senior's words, and having thanked the two officials for their information, I dismissed them.

Rising from my chair, I told the submanager, in a few words, what I contemplated doing next. I intended going straight to the Pollocks' house to carry on my investigations from that end.

"You are quite right, I am sure," Mr. Reeves replied, "and it will be well if I give you a note of introduction to his lordship."

Sitting down, he hastily scribbled a brief note, which I placed in my pocket, and then having shaken hands and promised to inform him if anything of importance transpired, I took my leave.

The hansom was waiting at the door. "No. 230 Grosvenor Gate," I cried to the cabby.

The man touched up his horse, which deposited the cab and me 20 minutes later at the house I required.

Lord and Lady Pollock were out, the servant informed me, but they were expected home shortly before luncheon. . . . Would I walk into the library and wait? I at once resolved to do so, and was ushered into the apartment, where I sat down and took out the open letter of introduction.

It was very short, as such a letter naturally would be. It simply stated that I was the official from Scotland Yard to whom the diamond robbery affair had been intrusted, and that any information which could be given me at Grosvenor Gate might probably be of service to me.

This was all that I gathered on perusing the note for the first time; but, as my eyes wandered over it mechanically a second time, I noticed, with a curious feeling of excitement in my brain, something which had escaped me on the first reading. . . . Controlling my agitation as best I could, I drew from my pocket the forged letter to the bank, and then an ejaculation escaped me:

"By Jove! I believe I'm right!"

I rushed to the door. There was little time to lose, and if my theory were the right one, my waiting to interview Lord and Lady Pollock would be quite unnecessary. Hailing a cab, I drove quickly to Scotland Yard, and taking up a directory I found that Mr. Reeves, of the London and Paris Bank, resided at Apsley mansions, Regent's Park. My next step was abrupt. I went straight to the chief and asked for a search warrant to investigate the residence of John Reeves, of Apsley mansions, N. W.

He gave it to me at once, and once more a cab bore me away. This time my way lay in the direction of Regent's Park.

Apsley mansions proved to be a gorgeous set of flats, and on inquiry of the hall porter, I discovered that Mr. Reeves' flat was on the second floor.

"He is away just now," said the obliging functionary, "in the city; but you can leave a message with him."

I went upstairs promptly, and rang the bell. A respectable man-servant appeared almost instantly.

"You are Mr. Reeves' servant, I believe?" I asked, quickly.

"Yes, sir. Do you wish to leave a message?"

"No. I am Detective-Sergeant Wisney, of Scotland Yard, and I have a warrant to search these rooms. Here it is. You are at liberty to assist me or not, as you choose, but there must be no interference—you understand that?"

He did not appear to understand at all, but seemed thunderstricken. It was obvious that if Reeves were guilty, this man was perfectly innocent of any complicity in the business. He collapsed into a chair and sat motionless, unable to comprehend my visit.

However, there was no necessity for his assistance, and I did not trouble

him for it. Without further ado, I methodically searched the flat, which from the extravagance of its garnishing, plainly showed that the owner thereof was a man of somewhat expensive tastes. The dining-room revealed nothing, but in a corner of his sleeping apartment I stumbled against a small safe. Hardened official as I was, my heart beat fiercely as I drew out the skeleton keys to try the lock, for if the diamonds were in Reeves' possession, it was a hundred chances to one they would be in the safe. No man in his senses would dream of disposing of such well-known stones whilst the hue and cry after them was raging.

After several ineffectual attempts, I was successful, and the safe door swung open. A cry of joy escaped me as I espied a small jewel case, bearing the Pollock crest on the lid. The diamonds were apparently intact—not one of them had been removed, so far as I could perceive. I could hardly believe my good fortune, but all the same I did not wait to gloat over it. Stowing away the case in the recesses of my breast pocket, I left the building, leaving the amazed servant still wondering.

My journey to the bank, whence I next took my steps, or rather, to which a cab bore me, was consumed with emotions, in which perhaps anxiety predominated. I was anxious because it seemed to me that perhaps even at the eleventh hour I might lose my man. If by any mishap Reeves had got wind of my visit to his house, he would in all probability have made good his flight ere this. Still, the diamonds were in my possession, and that was the main point after all.

Aha! the bank at last. Leaping from the vehicle, I rushed into the building. Mr. Reeves gone yet? I shouted to a clerk.

"I think he is just going, sir," returned the man.

Without waiting to be announced, I darted upstairs into the room which I had quitted that morning. Reeves was lighting a cigar previous to leaving the bank, and he looked up quickly when I entered.

"Back so soon," he ejaculated; "that means good news. Have you a clew?"

"I have," I answered, sternly; "and what is more, I have the diamonds as well."

He turned very white, and elung to the table for support.

"Are you joking, man? . . . what do you mean?"

"It means," I returned, deliberately, as I looked the door and pocketed the key, "that your crime has been discovered, and that you are my prisoner. John Reeves. It is my duty to arrest you in the queen's name on the charge of being connected with the theft of Lady Pollock's diamonds."

He collapsed like a house of cards, demolished by a blow. His knees knocked together, his lips trembled, his hands twitched violently. A more abject creature I have never seen, and if ever guilt was written on a man's face and in a man's figure, it was written on his face and in his figure then. He accompanied me down the stairs and into a cab like a man in a dream.

The evidence against Reeves being so conclusive, he was advised by his counsel to plead guilty and to make a full confession. This he did, and the confession, which revealed a crime of singular ingenuity and daring, ran thus:

That being desperately hard up through high play and betting on the turf, he had been at his wife's ends to obtain money, and it therefore occurred to him to take advantage of his position at the bank to obtain and dispose of some of the bank's valuables.

That his first idea had been to do this and decamp, but that further deliberation showed him how he might with impunity obtain his nefarious ends, and yet remain in the bank's service.

That the plan which he at length hit upon was to arrange with an accomplice to present himself at the bank with a letter forged by himself, and purporting to come from Lady Pollock, asking that the jewel case deposited by her ladyship should be given up.

That he had arranged with the said accomplice to wait until the head manager was away from London, so that there might be nobody to criticise the forgery, for in the absence of the chief, of course, fell upon Reeves himself to deal with letters of the kind in question.

That the receipt which the supposed messenger had handed in with the letter was simply another forgery by the ingenious Reeves, copied naturally from the genuine document in the possession of Lady Pollock, which copy had been made by Reeves on the morning when the jewels were deposited three months previously.

He was sentenced to a considerable term of imprisonment, a punishment which he certainly merited.

Perhaps they who have read these lines will wonder what was the link which set me on the right track, and which connected John Reeves with the crime. Ah, well, it was the smallest link in the world, and yet it was just the kind of link which the most skillful criminal is often careless enough to forge, and which leads to his destruction. The clew in question was merely a semi-colon. Both the forged letter to the bank and the note of introduction handed me by Reeves bore that little punctuation mark, which is hardly ever used in ordinary correspondence except by professional writers. Recognizing the extreme rarity of the mark, it flashed upon me in an instant of illumination that in all probability the writer of the forgery and the writer of the other note were one and the same person. Acting on this theory I took the action I have recorded, and achieved the success for which I had worked. Had Mr. Reeves employed a full-stop or a comma, as most other men would have done, he would in all likelihood have been a free man at this hour, and the bank mystery would have gone unsolved. Tit-Bits.

ON SNOW-SHOVELING.

A Connecticut Philosopher Discerns Indications of Character on the Sidewalk.

The year 1898 will be memorable in that almost as soon as we dropped the lawn mower we were able to grasp the handle of the snow shovel. It was the greatest year on record for grass, and is not backward for snow. Callous wasn't off the hands. This indeed is something to remember with pleasure. Not for the man who hires his mowing and shoveling done for him and doctors for dyspepsia, but for him who does his own manual labor and buys porous plasters.

The dyspeptic dilettante thinks lawn mowing is the prettier and the easier. That is because he never tried real snow shoveling and doesn't know anything about the art of mowing. They are no more alike than writing poetry and compiling history. There's science as well as art in both. The man who doesn't fathom it fails to improve the opportunities which nature so generously throws around him.

You've got to know just why your lawn mower will not cut and just how deep you can go with your snow shovel at every shove. This implies constantly alert faculties. There's a time when you can't use a snow shovel on your snow and ice. That usually is when you have a brand-new one, painted green. Then there are times when the ice-pick is of no use and the shovel is a necessity. Most frequently that is immediately after you've broken your one shovel. A wise husbandman never allows his supply of lawn mowers and snow shovels to run low, summer or winter. Yet the very man who most freely criticised the quartermaster's department in the Spanish war is the man who is most careless in this respect.

There is as much difference in snow paths as there is in oil landscapes, as much index to character. One makes a path scarcely wide enough for a tight-rope walker; another bares the flagging from grass to curb and adds a gutter and a clean crosswalk. Callous though he is, the latter is the better Christian, is the further removed from barbarism. And the chances are that he will sprinkle sand when the walk freezes over. But in that you may be mistaken; a too firmly seated conviction of thy neighbor's humanity may result in a too sudden seat on the walk. We purpose to leave out of consideration the heathen who allows his walk to remain unshoveled. He isn't worth the ink.

The more conscientious a man is, the more quickly he masters the science of snow shoveling. He cuts the worst drifts as readily as his wife cuts pie. He doesn't complain of the time it takes, because he's the sort of a man who will shovel swiftly through his office work, however late he may be in getting at it. The fellow of the tight-rope walk will sit with his heels on his desk and tell stories. He with no walk at all has a snowless hereafter to contemplate. "By their fruits ye shall know them" will do for a tropical climate. "By their snow paths ye shall know them" is better for Hartford in the winter season.—Hartford Courant.

MAKING A TOQUE.

Some Information About a Fashionable Headpiece for the Season.

The little toque is decidedly in favor, caught at one side and trimmed. It is astonishing how hats are worn back on the head and lifted at the side. Any hat, of any shape and of any material, treated in this way will be more or less in favor, with the chances toward its being more.

The tiniest toques are used for the purpose. They are previously covered with velvet, which is put over a foundation of crinoline, the latter being laid on in loose folds. The velvet sinks into the indentations of the crown and is lifted by the curves of the crinoline until its shape is decidedly irregular. When completed, the entire structure is lifted at one side and caught with a very large pin. The toque is then set upon the head and spiked securely in place.

The woman who is making the toque now studies the shape of the face, and as the situation of the little hat can be changed, she turns and twists it until she gets exactly the right angle. This is marked by an ornament which is set directly over the middle of her left eyebrow. When she puts the hat on, if she has no looking glass, she feels for the ornament and instantly sets it well back on her head on a line with her pretty eyebrow.

This is no fanciful description; it is a bit of the accurate detail of putting on a toque. It was given to the writer by the best milliner on Fifth avenue, who said that she invariably instructed her patrons to put on the hat by a landmark, as it were, not haphazard, with uncertain results.—N. Y. Sun.

Broken Arms.

A physician who was asked what should be done in the case of a fracture of an arm, says: "The best plan would be to get some one to bind the arm firmly, but not too tightly, to your side. I say not too tightly, for a broken limb is sure to swell. I am, of course, presuming that the fracture becomes complicated by trying to move the patient without first binding up the limb. This happens through the piercing of the skin by the jagged end of a bone. In order to prevent this a temporary splint must be applied. This may be made of any firm material that is at hand, such as straight twigs, a bundle of straw, cardboard, book covers or a number of newspapers folded lengthwise. Before putting on the splint it must be well padded with a handkerchief, one of the undergarments, a thick wisp of hay or straw, or the like, and then the splint must be kept in place by strips of cloth torn from the underclothing or shirt.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TRAITS OF THE OYSTER.

This Shellfish Gets Green on Plain Food, Fattens in Fresh Water and Is as Nutritious as Milk.

Persons who eat oysters frequently have doubtless observed that now and then the oysters set before them are more or less green in color. There is a common prejudice against a green oyster. Some persons attribute the coloring to disease and others to parasites or to the presence of copper. Scientific investigation has demonstrated that this "greening" of oysters is in reality due to the fact that the oysters have fed on green plants of simple structure, which are sometimes found in abundance in brackish or salt water. C. F. Langworthy, of the office of experiment stations of the United States department of agriculture, in a bulletin on "Fish as Food," says that, in the opinion of those who have investigated the matter carefully, the green color in oysters is harmless. In Europe green oysters are more highly prized than others. The green color may be removed by placing the oysters for a time in water where the green plants are not abundant.

It is a common practice of oyster dealers, instead of selling the oysters in the condition in which they are taken from the beds in salt water, to place them for a period of about 48 hours in fresh water, in order to fatten them. The oystermen call this operation "floating" or "laying out." The process gives the oyster plumpness and rotundity, its bulk and weight being so increased as to materially enhance its selling value. The belief is common among oystermen that this "fattening" is due to actual gain of flesh and fat, and that the nutritive value of the oyster is increased by the process. Oysters lose much of their salty flavor in "floating," however, and it is an established fact that if the "fattened" oysters are left too long on the floats they become lean again. Careful experiments have shown that oysters taken out of the natural beds in salt water and placed in fresh water actually gain in weight. This is due largely to the fact that they lose mineral weight and gain a considerable amount of water, but there is an accompanying loss of nutrients. When in their natural condition oysters contain from one-eighth to one-fifth more nutritive material than when fattened.

It is interesting to note that the government's experiments, conducted at the New Jersey stations, thus far have shown that oysters freshened by "floating" will not remain alive as long as those taken directly from salt water. Freshening really reduces the life period of an oyster one-half. In the opinion of many consumers, the improvement in appearance and flavor of an oyster due to the dilution of the salts more than compensates for the loss in nutritive value. Prof. Langworthy remarks: "Often flavor has a value which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents."

Oysters come nearer to milk than almost any other common food material, as regards both the amounts and the relative proportions of nutrients. Generally speaking, a quart of oysters contains on an average about the same quantity of actual nutritive substances as a quart of milk, or three-fourths of a pound of beef, two pounds of fresh codfish, or one pound of bread. The nutritive substance of an oyster contains considerable protein, the substance whose principal function is to make or repair blood, muscle, tendon, bone, brain and other nitrogenous matter. Apparently as the oyster grows older, at least up to a certain time, not only do the proportions of flesh and liquids increase more rapidly than the shells, but the proportion of nutrients in the edible part increases also. For illustration, 100 pounds of young oysters in the shell appear to contain less of flesh and of liquids than 100 pounds of older ones, and when both have been shucked, a pound of meat from the shells of the older oyster would contain more nutritive matter than a pound from the younger.

Investigation has shown that, considering the edible portion of the oyster after it has been removed from the shell, the differences in different specimens are much greater than is commonly supposed. This is clearly apparent when a comparison is made of either the flesh or liquor of different specimens, or the whole edible portion of the meats and liquor together. The percentage of water in the edible portion of different specimens of oysters which were analyzed for the United States fish commission varied from about 83 to 91 per cent., and averaged 87 per cent. In other words, the nutritive material in a quart of "solid" oysters varied from 2 1/4 to 3 1/3 ounces. The man who buys oysters in the shell pays for an enormous percentage of waste material. The average of 34 specimens of oysters in the shell, for instance, showed only 2 3/10 per cent. of actual nutrients. Clams and mussels yield a somewhat higher percentage.—N. Y. Times.

Waste of Animal Life in Africa. Although in some particulars oxen show undoubted intelligence, in many ways they are great fools. Thus they seem to have no knowledge of what is or is not good for them to eat. In Natal there grows an herb called "tulip," which is almost certain death to cattle, a fact with which they must have been acquainted for generations. Yet they seem to eat it greedily whenever they get the chance. Once I lost about 20 valuable trek-oxen from this cause alone. This and the tale of the horse sickness, to say nothing of the recent record of rinderpest, will show the reader that farming in Africa is not without its risks. Indeed, I know no country where the waste of animal life is so tremendous, although doubtless as the land becomes inclosed and proper buildings and winter food are provided, it will greatly lessen.—Longman's Magazine.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Five hundred men scoured Webster county, Ia., recently on a wolf hunt, and caught one jack rabbit.

A young man of Arcola, Ill., is a volunteer soldier, his father is an army chaplain, and his mother an army nurse.

A traveler in Porto Rico says that a cigar equal to the present average American ten-cent can be purchased there for two cents.

The crown prince of Siam, who can write fluently in three European languages, is a boy author of some note. He has written several stories for children's magazines published in England.

The grand old man of the Roman church is not the pope, as most people suppose, but Cardinal Mertel, who is in his ninety-fifth year and so active and energetic that he bids fair to see the nineteenth century out and the twentieth in.

Ninon De L'Enclos took her secret of sempiternal youth and beauty to the tomb. But she left her house behind her. It is still standing in the Rue de Tournelles, Paris, with its six stories and its magnificent staircase of artistically wrought iron.

Lindley Murray, the grammarian, was born in East Hanover township Lancaster (now Dauphin) county, Pa., and the house where he was born was standing until about 1850. Murray station, on the Lebanon & Tremont railroad, is named for him.

Frederick Schreiner, the brother of the Cape Colony premier, has written to the English papers denying that his family is of Dutch extraction. "Our father," he says, "was a German, our mother an English woman of Scandinavian descent and no Dutch blood is in our veins."

Forain, the French caricaturist, was recently asked whether he found depravity the deeper among the rich or the poor. "There is no such thing as depravity," he replied, with all the disdain he could put into his voice. "At the top it is diseased nerves; at the bottom hunger."

WHO SHOT THIS SOLDIER?

A Young Volunteer Lost His Nerve at San Juan Hill, But a Surgeon Quieted Him.

Telling of volunteer and regular officers, recalls a sensational and mysterious occurrence on San Juan hill.

On the night of July 2, when the Spaniards made their dash at the American lines, the available trenches were packed full of men. An excitable volunteer major, startled out of his sleep, ordered the men in support over the brow of the hill into the trenches. They grabbed their guns and ran over the crest of the hill, only to find the intrenchments filled to the limit with their own men. They had to lie down just back of the trenches without cover. The men in the trenches were blazing away for all that was in them. The new men sent up back of them were so many that they could not all be seen by side, but some had to lie one behind another.

It was a dark night. Orders were drowned in the volleys of musketry, and to many of the volunteers the bugle and whistle calls were a foreign language. It necessarily rested with the individual men in the ranks back of the trenches to display their cool judgment by refraining from firing.

An excitable lad of not more than 17 or 18 in the rear rank of those back of the trenches loaded and fired. At that moment a comrade just in front of him who had lifted himself on his elbows to see the advancing Spaniards flattened out on his face—stone dead.

The Spaniards were soon glad to gallop back to their intrenchments. Then the support was ordered back under the brow of the hill again, and brought its dead with it.

The man who had been killed just in front of the excitable lad had a hole in him that looked mighty like a Springfield rifle bullet from the rear. A man beside the lad had seen him fire and the dead man drop. The lad himself admitted he had fired. The captain of the company, his men say, is a good officer, but excitable. In this case he was horrified and showed a disposition to be hasty and a little vindictive.

He assembled his company, and in the course of a five-minute talk had the accused lad groveling on the hillside in abject hysterics. The captain talked of a drumhead court martial, and a firing squad in the morning. The occurrence had quite evidently been too much for his nerves.

Meanwhile an enlisted man had been sent for a surgeon. When one came he happened to be a regular. He listened to the evidence, and it didn't appear to excite him or shake his nerve. The lad was writhing and crying out in a kind of hysterics at his feet. He looked down at him, poked him with the toe of his boot, and said: "Shut up!"

Then he stepped over a few paces to where the dead man was stretched out and examined him by the starlight. He took quite a time, and the men who had gathered about, awaited further developments with intense interest. To the lad writhing on the ground it probably seemed an eternity.

At last the regular surgeon came back. He looked down at the lad in differently. Then he looked the company commander square in the eye and said:

"Shot with a mauser bullet—from the front! Send this yelling wretch to your field hospital for an opiate."

Then he poked the lad with the toe of his boot again, said "Shut up!" again, and marched off.—N. Y. Sun.

Crushed.

He—I wonder why it is that a girl always shuts her eyes when she kisses a fellow.

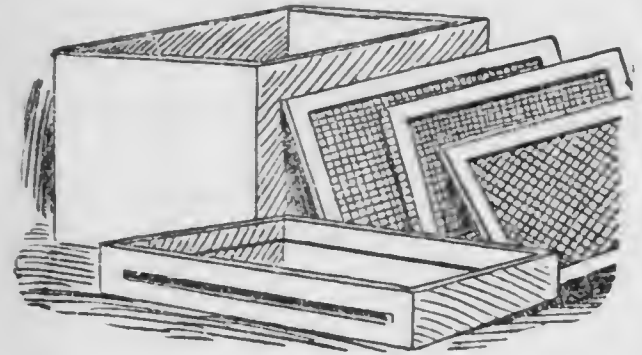
She—The girl who kissed you would have to shut her eyes. I should think.—Indianapolis Journal.



A NEST OF SIEVES.

Their Use Is Called For Almost Every Day in Every Variety of Farm Work.

The value of a set of sieves with meshes of varying degrees of fineness is too apparent to need argument. Their use is called for almost every day upon the farm. They are useful in separating weed seed from grain that is to be sown. In fact, all seed grain ought to be sifted with a mesh just fine enough to hold the sound, plump, perfect grains, and to let all foreign seed and shriveled grain pass through. This is but one out of the many important uses to which sieves may be put. It is important, however, to have a whole line of these articles, else just the right mesh will always be lacking. A very handy arrangement is shown in the cut. A boxlike framework is made,



A NEST OF SIEVES.

having a slit in one side and a groove around the inside. Light frames are made, strung with mesh of varying degrees of openness, and, as wanted, one or another of these frames is slipped into the groove and a sieve of the right sort is at hand. One excellent use for a set of sieves at this season of the year is in getting out of cracked corn just the right sized particles for chicks when first hatched, for those a couple of weeks old, a month, and so on. Cracked corn is a splendid feed for chickens, but it must be graded to secure the best results. In the same excellent way grit of proper size for chicks of varying ages can be provided. Once get a full set of these sieves, and you will be surprised at the great number of uses to which they can be put.—N. Y. Tribune.

GYPSUM IN THE SOIL.

Experiments Demonstrate That the Substance Is Not Injurious to Plant Growth.

It has generally been supposed that gypsum, when used as a fertilizer, is valuable largely because it attracts moisture and furnishes some material which nourishes the plants in extremely dry weather. As a soil for producing vegetation, it has never been considered, indeed it has not been supposed that plants would grow in it, but some experiments at agricultural stations show that plants will flourish in pure gypsum and make an almost phenomenal growth. Grain and plants were raised in this soil with most surprising results. Experiments also have been made in growing plants and grain in clean, white sand. The results of these efforts may, it is said, almost revolutionize the growing of certain forms of vegetation. As a case in point: Some years ago a family moved into a new house which was built upon an unpromising gypsum bed. The mistress of the house was extremely fond of flowers and bewailed the fact that she could have no flower garden. Finally her house plants became so troublesome that she turned them into the sand bed, digging holes and dropping them in regardless of order or system, and left them, as she supposed, to die. Her astonishment may be imagined when she grew such verbenas, petunias, geraniums and other plants as she never raised in her life. The neighbors insisted that she must have used some commercial fertilizer, but the fact was that the roots found abundant nourishment in what would usually be considered absolutely worthless soil.—Journal of Agriculture.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

In transplanting cut off all broken or mutilated roots.

Fumes from an oil stove are not good for house plants.

If the lawn needs manuring, now is the best time to give it.

In mulching, use material that is free as possible from weed seeds.

In growing fruit for market it is an advantage to have varieties that will keep well and bear transportation.

While lilies and gladiolas are injured by manuring, tulips, hyacinths and crocuses are benefited by a liberal allowance.

Nearly or quite all kinds of fruits and vegetables keep much better if the temperature in the place where they are stored can be kept even.—St. Louis Republic.

Winter-Grown Pie Plant.

Growing pie plant in winter has passed the experimental stage and become a profitable industry. Thousands of dollars are paid the gardeners each winter for the product, which is bought at high prices, both for home consumption and for shipment. Any cellar or outbuilding which can be made absolutely frost proof and light proof will answer the purpose. There is no objection to the house cellar, as no manure and very little water are required, so no odor or dampness will arise. The labor of growing is so little and the profits so large that the grower ought to be satisfied with it.

FARM TELEPHONES.

How Joy and Gladness Can Be Brought to Many Isolated Houses at Small Cost.

The introduction of telephone systems into isolated farming communities has proved to be a great convenience wherever it has been tried. I have had occasion to notice the effect in a large number of communities in northern New England, within the past two years. Next to good roads, I consider the establishment of telephonic communication between county and village the most important advance step that a rural community can take. The value of a man's farm is not dependent so much on the distance from town or railroad, as it is on the time required to reach them. The value of good roads, both for business and pleasure, has been so clearly demonstrated, and so much has been written on the subject within recent years, that permanent road building is not only indorsed, but the work is actually being done all over New England. So, also, is the telephone. Both have the same object, quicker and better transportation. The highway carries the farmer and his produce. The telephone carries information. One ounce of foresight is worth a pound of hindsight, and the telephone can safely be said to furnish the foresight.

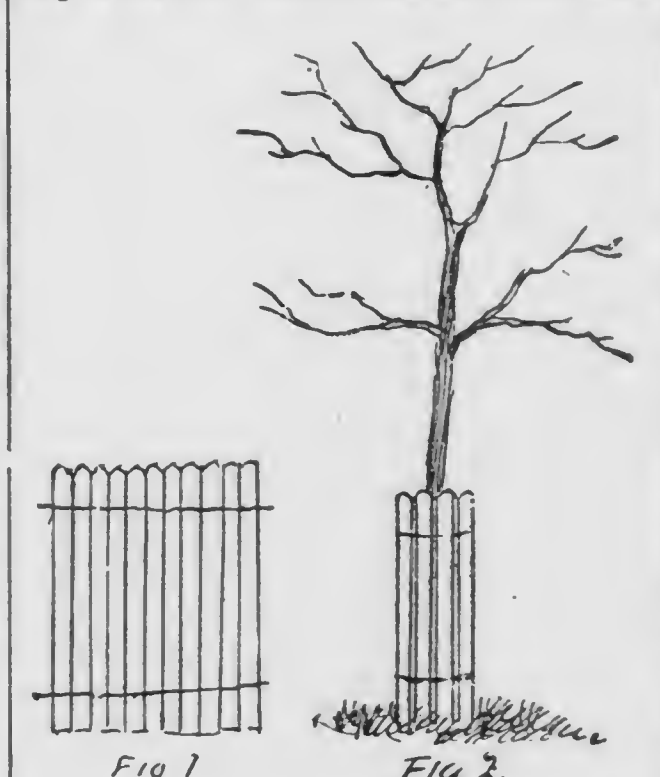
With the aid of the telephone the farmer can keep posted on the market, many times can bargain and sell his produce before it leaves his premises. He can save many useless trips to town by practically bringing the town to him (over the wire). It is truly wonderful, the way that news can travel over the telephone. Within an hour from the time the Associated Press was telegraphing dispatches to the daily papers in the large cities, announcing the great naval victories in our conflict with Spain, the telephones were whispering the same thrilling news into the ears of subscribers up in the back woods from Maine to California. In fact, it is said that the people in California heard the news two hours, by the clock, before it happened.

The telephone business in all the larger cities and towns is controlled by large corporations that make direct personal communication possible between points 500 to 1,000 miles apart. Local companies can be organized to operate in country communities, at comparatively small cost to the subscribers, and afford a great deal of profit and amusement as well. I have had a telephone in my house the past year, and now think I could hardly keep house without it. A few weeks ago, the whole family were entertained for an hour listening to the soft, mellow strains of music that came to us over the wire from the band concert in the city, four miles distant. Having had two years' experience in constructing and operating telephone lines, I can say frankly and freely that the telephone has brought joy and gladness to many an isolated home, and is an investment that pays dividends every day in the year.—C. W. Scarff, in Rural New Yorker.

SAFE TREE GUARD.

It Prevents Injury to Trees by Rabbits and Mice and Saves Labor and Anxiety.

It is best to adopt effective measures for preventing injury to trees by rabbits and mice and save labor and anxiety. It can be done easily and cheaply, as follows: Take common plastering laths, cut them in halves, then, with



GUARD FOR YOUNG TREES.

fine wire, weave five to eight of the pieces together, at the top and bottom, as shown in Fig. 1, the same as wire and lath fence is woven, and set them around the trees, as in Fig. 2, giving the ends of the wires a twist about each other to hold them firmly in position. This makes a very effective and cheap guard, 15 inches high, and one that will last four or five years. If the laths are dipped in crude petroleum, they will last ten years, and prevent pigs and sheep, as well as rabbits and mice, from injuring the trees.—G. Frederick, in Farm and Home.

Rolling and Harrowing Soil.

The effect of rolling a soil is to compact it, to close up the spaces between the grains produced by cultivation, and thus to facilitate the rise of moisture to the immediate surface. It does good in grain fields that need the moisture, but it means a heavy loss of moisture if the soil thus remains compact. A good rule then is to roll the land whenever the crop shows the need of moisture, and that crop is shallow-rooted, and as soon as moisture becomes apparent at the surface to loosen the soil with a harrow to about three inches. The grain will not be materially injured by the harrow, the excessive escape of needed moisture will be prevented, and at the same time the roots will secure a supply.—American Fruit Growers' Journal.

A good tree well taken up and well planted will do equally well whether transplanted in the spring or in the fall.

MARE WITH A FALSE TAIL.

Her Owner, a San Francisco Milkman, Has Given Her a Good, Bushy Switch.

It is not given alone to woman, who would make herself more beautiful with abundant tresses, to rest while her back hair hangs on the door knob. On the contrary, there is a petted sorrel mare in this city which is bedded down carefully every night by Morris P. Sweet, a dairyman of No. 1515 Folsom street, while her switch, or rather her tail, hangs up with the harness. Her present owner has had her for several years, and so deftly has he dressed "Kittie's" back hair that he has driven her over all the streets of San Francisco without attracting attention until she fell under the lynx eyes of Matthew McCurrie, assistant secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

With his attention turned all ways at all times, McCurrie noticed what he supposed to be harness sewed to the hide of the poor brute. Upon investigation he was sorry that there was not a special reward of merit for the man who had, at infinite pains, provided a good, bushy switch that this poor brute might be adequately armed against the common enemy.

After Sweet bought the horse with the sad-looking stump where a tail should have been he made several trips to the boneyard before he managed to get a sorrel tail of just the proper hue. To it he had enough hide attached to reach the crupper straps. When it was new there was hide enough to lace well around the stump, but it has since been tanned and shrunken by the wind and weather until now a bit of scrutiny shows some of the lacing at the sides. From a utilitarian standpoint the tail is quite as useful as if every hair of it was rooted to the stump.

"Kittie" holds her head proudly, and her limbs are as slender as those of the finest thoroughbred. She was born and bred an aristocrat. She was docked in accordance with the standard in society horses, and that is the reason that to-day she runs in a milk wagon, a victim to fashion and wears false hair.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ABORIGINAL TRIBES LAZY.

Hence They Shun Exertion Beyond Actual Requirements—Food and Climate.

Inhabitants of the polar regions have an inordinate appetite, measured from our dietary standpoint, for fat and oleaginous fish, against which the stomach of a denizen of the warmer zones would revolt. But the frozen fat of the animals of the far north is as sweet and palatable to a resident of that region as is the yam or the fruit of the plantain to an inhabitant of the tropics. Both kinds of food perform the required function in their respective climatic zones. One furnishes the maximum degree of heat to the body where it is needed, the other the minimum degree of animal heat to sustain life under its special climatic conditions.

The popular notion prevails that the climate and foods of the tropics are conducive to indolence and human degeneracy. It is quite as much of a popular error as is the other popular theory that fish is food for the brain and thus conducive to a greater mental development and activity. If the latter were true of fish diet the Swashes and other aboriginal tribes of the northern coast of this continent would be the most intellectual representatives of the human race in existence. As it is they constitute one of the lowest types of the race, the black of the Australian bush and the Digger Indian of California only being inferior to them in the scale of human development.

As a matter of fact, the activity of men is determined by other factors in his existence than either food or climate. All aboriginal tribes are content to exist. The energies of mind and body are not exerted by them beyond the actual necessities of existence. The Esquimaux of the frigid north and the Indians of the temperate zone are quite as indolent as the aborigines of the tropics, having no desire or ambition to acquire more than the bare necessities of life or to rise above the normal conditions of their environments.—San Francisco Chronicle.

London Parishes.

No. 11 Queen Victoria street (Mansion house chambers), in the city of London, is situated no fewer than six parishes arising from the curious way in which the city parishes run into one another. There are several instances of buildings standing in three or four parishes, and at least one house is half in the city and half beyond its borders. The Bank of England, Threadneedle street, is in three parishes—St. Bartholomew, St. Christopher-le-Stocks and St. Margaret. The city of London, though only one square mile in area, has 60 parishes, none of them of very great dimensions, but some of very small size. The parish of St. Mary Mounthaw, for instance, which has only six houses in it, is the smallest parish in the city. This parish stands at the corner of Queen Victoria and Friday streets, and has not possessed a church since the great fire of London, in 1666, burned down the one it formerly had.—Chicago Chronicle.

Odd Customs in Morocco. The Moors are full of superstition, and their customs are curious and sometimes disagreeable. When they make a well they sacrifice a sheep at the bottom of it. If they take a new house they sacrifice a cock on the threshold and if they want you to grant a request or help them in some difficulty they kill a sheep at your door. After this very unpleasant performance you are bound to do anything they wish. You cannot use the mutton; you must give it to the poor.—N. Y. Sun.

TAKING ASTOR DOWN.

The Ex-American Citizen Gets Badly Snubbed in His Interference with the English.

William Waldorf Astor, the expatriated American millionaire, who now resides in London, is the subject of a lengthy biographical sketch in Tit-Bits, a publication issued in the British capital. Incidental to the sketch it is related how the duchess of Cleveland gently set him down on one occasion. When his grand estate offices on the Thames embankment were finished he gave a magnificent banquet to a number of swells. Showing one of the staircases in the building to the duchess, Mr. Astor is alleged to have asked:

"Isn't that handsome, your grace?" "Yes, it certainly is," replied the duchess. "Isn't it more so than any other staircase you ever saw?" Mr. Astor is reported to have persisted.

At this the duchess' back very naturally got up. "Yes," she said, gently, "I admire it very much. It is much finer than our old staircase at Battle abbey, which has been spoiled these 200 or 300 years by the spurs of those stupid old knights."

Battle abbey is probably the grandest old place in England and compared with Cleveland, Mr. Astor's country house, is like a battleship to a torpedo boat.

Another story with a similar point is related in the same sketch. Mr. Astor, it is averred, was lost in admiration of the duke of Westminster's lawn at Cliveden when he first saw it, and it is said, asked the gardener:

"How do you grow turf like that?" "Well, sir," says the gardener, rubbing his chin and looking very innocent, "you just sows yer seed and then as it rolled every day for 100 years or so, sir."—Chicago Chronicle.

George's Raise.

There are several children in the family, and they were talking of their garden.

"I am going to plant the seeds Uncle John gave me," said one, "and raise the most beautiful flowers."

"I am going to raise pinks and violets," said another.

"And I'm going to raise tube roses," said the third.

But the little boy said nothing.

He had no seeds to plant.

And presently his mother noticed that he took no part in the chatter, and her heart smote her.

"And what is George going to raise?" she asked.

Perhaps George's lip trembled, but his voice didn't.

"O," he said, stoutly, "I guess I can raise a worm or two."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Employer (irascibly)—"C'm round that boy! He's never around when he is wanted."

Clerk—"I think it must be hereditary with him, sir. His father is a policeman."—Golden Days.

She—"You played poker again last night?" He (who lost all he had)—"No, my dear; I was merely an onlooker at the game."—Philadelphia North American.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 19.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common, 30 @ 40.00
Select butchers, 45 @ 50.00
CALVES—Fair to good, 10 @ 12.00
HOGS—Coarse and heavy, 3 @ 3.40
Mixed packers, 3 @ 3.65
Light chippers, 3 @ 3.80
SHEEP—Choice, 3 @ 3.65
LAMB—... 4 @ 5.10
FLOUR—Winter family, 2 @ 2.40
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 3 @ 70.00
No. 3 red, 3 @ 69.00
Corn—No. 2 mixed, 3 @ 36.00
Oats—No. 2, 3 @ 34.00
Rye—No. 2, 3 @ 58.00
HAY—Prime to choice, 3 @ 8.75
PROVISIONS—Mess pork, 3 @ 10.00
Lard, 3 @ 10.00
BUTTER—Choice dairy, 3 @ 11.00
Prime to choice creamery, 3 @ 10.00
APPLES—Choice to fancy, 3 @ 9.00
POTATOES—Per bu., 1 @ 1.50

CHICAGO.
FLOUR—Winter patent, 3 @ 3.70
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 3 @ 70.00
No. 2 Chicago spring, 3 @ 67.00
Corn—No. 2, 3 @ 35.00
OATS—No. 2, 3 @ 34.00
PORK—Mess, 3 @ 10.00
LARD—Steam, 3 @ 10.00

NEW YORK.
FLOUR—Winter patent, 3 @ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 2 red, 3 @ 80.00
Corn—No. 2 mixed, 3 @ 35.00
OATS—No. 2, 3 @ 34.00
PORK—New Mess, 3 @ 10.00
LARD—Western, 3 @ 10.00

BALTIMORE.
FLOUR—Family, 3 @ 3.50
GRAIN—Family wheat, 3 @ 70.00
Southern—Wheat, 3 @ 70.00
Corn—Mixed, 3 @ 34.00
Oats—No. 2, 3 @ 34.00
Rye—No. 2 Western, 3 @ 40.00
CATTLE—First quality, 4 @ 25.00
HOGS—Western, 3 @ 4.10

INDIANAPOLIS.
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2, 3 @ 69.00
Corn—No. 2 mixed, 3 @ 35.00
Oats—No. 2, 3 @ 34.00
LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR—Winter patent, 3 @ 4.00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, 3 @ 71.00
Corn—Mixed, 3 @ 35.00
Oats—No. 2, 3 @ 34.00
PORK—Mess, 3 @ 10.00
LARD—Steam, 3 @ 10.00

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Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Can Do My Own Work."
Mrs. PATRICK DANEHY,
West Winsted, Conn., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was very ill, suffered with female weakness and displacement of the womb.

"I could not sleep at night, had to walk the floor, I suffered so with pain in my side and small of my back. Was troubled with bloating, and at times would faint away; had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well, can do my work without feeling tired; do not bloat or have any trouble whatever.

"I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

"Cannot Praise It Enough."

Miss GERTIE DUNKIN,
Franklin, Neb., writes:

"I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief.

"I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to several of my friends."

Germany and Asia Minor.

It is inevitable that Asia Minor shall eventually pass from the possession of Mohammedanism, and whether Germany accomplishes the task or not, the Sultan must yield to a Christian nation. It is just as inevitable that diseases of the digestive organs must yield to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disorders of this kind are usually called dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. The Bitters are equally good for all such complaints, regardless of the name.

Sanitary Notes.

"It seems to me, doctor, that your prices are rather steep."
"Well, you must bear in mind that it is not my own health for which I am running a sanitarium."—Indianapolis Journal.

Foolish, Indeed.

The Belle—A man looks awfully foolish when he's proposing.
The Benedict—Yes, and they dare to talk about "appearances being deceptive."—N. Y. Journal.

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Information.

Janie—Pa, what is "lese majeste?"
Pa—That's the Latin way of calling a crowned head a blamed chump.—Cleveland Leader.

Superlative.

It is not the best man at a wedding who gets a better half.—N. O. Picayune.

If you lend your money you may lose your friend—but he is generally cheap at the price.—Town Topics.

Morrow makes men sincere and anguish makes them earnest.—Beecher.

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You can always get pennies at 12 cents a dozen.—Golden Days.

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The more worthless the man, the better his health.—Atchison Globe.

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You can't preserve happiness in "family jars."—L. A. W. Bulletin.

BAD BLOOD.

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way."—MRS. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.



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L. RANK TUMA,
Ladies' Tailor.**MONKEYS OF INDIA.**THE HAVOC THEY CAUSE BY THEIR
WARS FOR WIVES.

Laughable Tactics Employed by the
Natives to Disperse the Belligerent
Packs—Little Chance For Male Mon-
keys at Birth.

Monkeys in India are an unmitigated nuisance, especially in the country. I have often come across in the jungles adjoining the villages of northern Bengal whole troops of them, whose depredations in fields and orchards were the despair of the unfortunate villagers. These troops always consisted of one huge male and about 100 females. The fact is, when a little monkey is born in the pack, it is suffered to live if a female, but instantly killed by the father if it happens to be a male. The mother, however, sometimes manages to hide the little one until he is able to get about and then sends him away before the big male catches sight of him. In this way it often happens that individual males are to be found living by themselves in single blessedness. Now, getting tired of solitude after a time and perhaps believing in union as a source of strength, these bachelors often join together and form a pack of their own—as a sort of club.

Then the fun begins. They want wives—very naturally. But how are they to get them? All the female monkeys of the country belong to the harem of some big brute or other. Clearly, the only solution is to attack such a harem, kill the gotha (the afore-said big brute), and then divide the spoils. So an ultimatum is sent—and rejected. War is declared. The battle is a fierce one and often lasts several days. The party attacked always tries to retreat and often traverses several jungles, fields and even villages. But the pursuit is hot and vigorous, and at last a stand has to be made—sometimes in a village green or even an orchard of some country mansion. In the actual fight the females generally remain faithful to their lord and master and help him fiercely against his numerous assailants. But the result is a foregone conclusion, and the several widows, after a very short period of mourning—usually manifested by a show of ill temper—are consoled by the victorious males.

Now, these battles cause sad havoc to the fields and orchards of the country and often prove a positive danger to the people, for, though monkeys seldom attack men, woe to the luckless one who ventures to come near them in their deadly struggle. Moreover, when pressed by hunger, these packs are not to be trifled with. You may not mind even the damage done to your orchard by hundreds of monkeys gobbling up everything they can lay their hands on, but it is quite a different matter when you have to shut your doors and windows and stay in for days at a time because of the army outside.

Consequently the object of the natives is to break up these packs by capturing their leaders. Killing is against the dictates of conscience, but capture is not, especially as the monkey is liberated in a short time, as will appear presently. So, when a pack is about, the natives employ the following method: Close to an orchard a bit of level space is selected and a hole dug in it, about 2 feet deep and 6 or 8 inches in diameter. A noose is made at one end of a long, stout cord and placed over the mouth of the hole. The cord is then passed through a pulley or ring attached to a tree close to the house and the other end held some distance away by a concealed person. The noose and about 10 or 15 feet of the cord are covered with sand. Then a nice, tempting banana is placed in the hole, and a number of rotten ones—covered, however, with fresh skins—are strewn all over the ground near the hole.

When the pack comes, the females are too shy to venture out into the open space near the house, but the big gotha is a brave fellow. He sees the bananas on the ground, leaps down, takes up one, throws it away in disgust, then another, with the same result. Suddenly he notices the nice, tempting one in the hole, and plunges his arm in. Immediately the cord is pulled, the noose fastened on the arm close to the shoulder and the monkey dragged willy nilly to the tree where the pulley or ring is attached. Then the hiding shikari comes forth, and, circling round and round the tree with the cord held tight in his hand, binds the unfortunate monkey safe and fast, all but the head. The pulley or ring is introduced not merely to bind the monkey to the tree, but also because it would be highly dangerous to drag the infuriated brute right up to a person.

The monkey, however, is not killed. Instead they lather his head and face, no special care being taken in selecting the finest soap or the purest water. The operation is an interesting one and a source of great amusement—to the bystanders. He submits to his fate with eastern stoicism. His head is shaved clean as a billiard ball, and then the face as well, nice and smooth, like a baby's. Then they let him go. But alas, such is the vanity of life, his wives will not have him now that his beauty is gone. They disown him completely, cut him dead. Nay, they drive him away from the pack with contumely, with the ends of their tails—in the absence of domestic broomsticks. And thus, being without a leader, the pack is soon broken up.—Strand Magazine.

The earliest complete clock of which an accurate record exists was made in the thirteenth century by a Saracen mechanic.

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ELKHORN ROUTE.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

In Effect Dec. 5th, 1898.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
No. 7	No. 7	No. 7	No. 7
Frankfort	11:07	10:15	11:07
Elkhorn	11:17	10:25	11:17
Switzer	11:26	10:34	11:26
Duval's	11:35	10:43	11:35
Johnson	11:44	10:52	11:44
Georgetown	11:53	11:01	11:53
C.S. Ry's Depot	12:02	11:10	12:02
Newtown	12:11	11:19	12:11
Centerville	12:20	11:28	12:20
Elizabeth	12:29	11:37	12:29
Paris	12:38	11:46	12:38

Daily except Sunday
A connects with L. & N. b connects with
Q & C; c connects with Ky. Central.**KENTUCKY CENTRAL RY. POINTS.**

P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
No. 7	No. 7	No. 7	No. 7
Frankfort	11:07	10:15	11:07
Georgetown	11:17	10:25	11:17
Paris	11:26	10:34	11:26
Lexington	11:35	10:43	11:35
Richmond	11:44	10:52	11:44
Winchester	11:53	11:01	11:53
Paris	12:02	11:10	12:02
Richmond	12:11	11:19	12:11
Winchester	12:20	11:28	12:20
Paris	12:29	11:37	12:29
Richmond	12:38	11:46	12:38

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EAST BOUND.

Lv Louisville	8:30am	6:00pm
Ar Lexington	11:15am	8:40pm
Lv Lexington	11:25am	8:50pm
Lv Winchester	11:35am	9:00pm
Ar Mt. Sterling	12:25pm	9:50pm
Ar Philadelphia	12:45pm	10:10pm
Ar New York	12:55pm	10:20pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar Winchester	7:30am	4:50pm
Ar Lexington	8:00am	5:20pm
Ar Frankfort	8:11am	5:31pm
Ar Shelbyville	8:21am	5:41pm
Ar Louisville	8:31am	5:51pm

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cept Sunday; other trains run daily.
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ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.
From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:23 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:23 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 3:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:16 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.
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